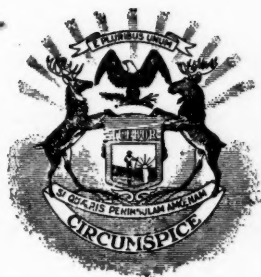


MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

Vol. XVIII, Spring Number, 1934

George N. Fuller, *Editor*



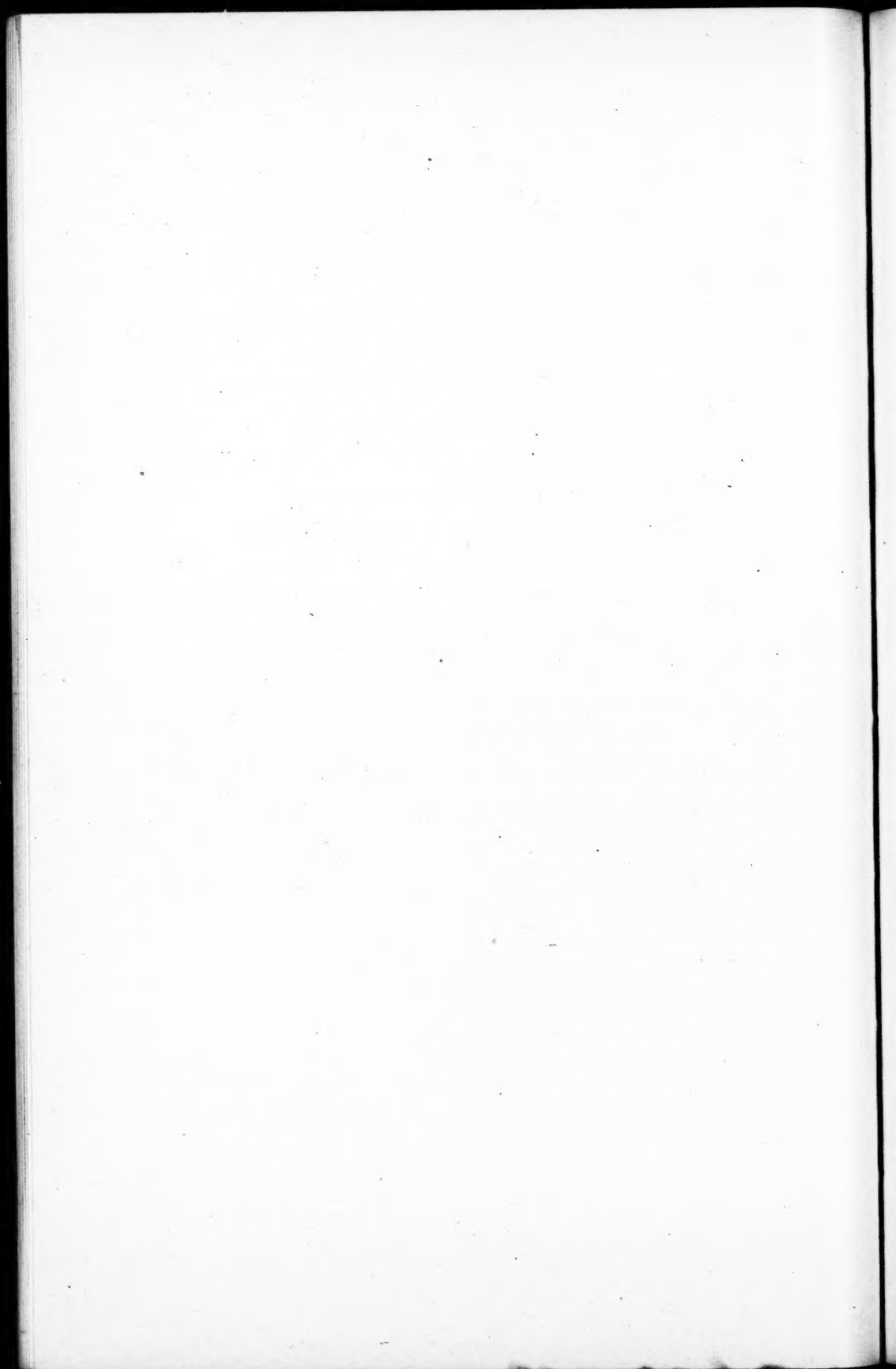
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MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII

SPRING NUMBER

1934

SEEING MICHIGAN IN 1841

PIONEER JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO MICHIGAN

BY LANSING B. SWAN*

WEDNESDAY, *June 9, 1841.*—Left Rochester at half past 9 p. m.—stretched out on a seat in the car and fell asleep, awaking at Churchville and again at Batavia. Take coach (two in company), the moon coming up bright and beautiful. Clear and uncomfortably cold even with my heavy coat. After a cold and very unpleasant ride, arrived at Buffalo at half past 7 a. m. (Thursday) the tenth, just time to clean up for breakfast. Met Lieut. Pitkin on the stairs, invites me to attend the drill at the barracks this p. m. Walked out and called upon Hinsdale. He walked down to the dock with me, found two boats going up the lake; the Madison, a large boat, at 3 p. m., and the Cleveland, a smaller and much neater boat at 8 p. m. Secured berth No. 16 on the Cleveland.

Just at the moment of writing the above, Mr. Temple slapped me on the shoulder. He insists upon my leaving with him on

*Lansing B. Swan, whose little leather-covered journal is here reproduced, was born at Onondaga Valley, New York, in 1809, and came to Rochester in 1830. He served as the first alderman from the old second ward and was a prominent business man until the time of his death. He was closely identified with the city in a military way, having organized the old Rochester Union Grays, served for many years as its Captain and later as Brigadier General of the Militia from Utica to Buffalo.

In 1860 he made a trip by sea from New York to Nassau and Havana, hastening home from there to offer his service to his country at the outbreak of the Civil War, but death claimed him and he passed away in December 1861.

Although this journal covers only so short a period of time, (from June 9 to June 27), and was written for the eyes of his wife and father, yet it is full of interest and presents a striking picture of the country as it was nearly a hundred years ago, of the hardships of travel by stage coach, steamship and railroad.

the Madison at 3 o'clock. I have acceded to it for the sake of a companion, and am now scribbling away on board the Steamship Madison, Captain McFayden. This is the largest steamer on the lakes, extreme length 210 feet, breadth 52½. She is tolerably well laden with freight, also horses, besides a goodly number of cabin and deck passengers, and as we are moving with majesty through the green water of Lake Erie, my thoughts involuntarily turn towards those I have left at home, and I would fain look in upon that spot where my dear ones are. How quickly do we feel the loss of the society of friends when we feel ourselves separated from them, and especially when we are constantly increasing the distance that separates us. The lake is not exactly smooth, although the sky is clear. The dancing of the green waves with their white crests as far as the eye can reach is truly beautiful.

6 o'clock p. m.—I am sitting in dining saloon (large enough for a small church) on the middle deck. The waiters are rattling the tea dishes upon the table, and soon I shall, I trust, get a sip of that important herb, by the by I don't mean to say the herb in its crude state but a decoction of it only. Speaking of tea, have just been forward the wheels and saw a family of deck passengers taking their tea off a box. It appeared to be swallowed with unusual zest. A little girl about the age of my Libby, among the deck passengers, was screaming with pain in the stomach and bowels; the mother was doing all she could for her. I went to the ship's medicine chest and got some medicine for her which she was persuaded to take by a promise of some lozenges from my pocket. It was truly gratifying to see how quick it relieved her. I have just been playing with a little child about the age of little Bertha. She belongs to one of the cabin ladies.

Quarter past 6.—Mr. Temple has just called me out on deck to see two steamers; one meeting us to leeward and the other to windward, appear to be very large, going towards Buffalo with all sails set in addition to their steam. Tea bell rings, sat down and ate with an enormous appetite. The

effect of my journey upon the stomach is quite apparent already. After tea strolled about the capacious decks but find myself very sleepy and at a little before 9 o'clock retired to my stateroom to go to bed. Had hardly touched the bed before I was asleep, having slept so little the night previous. About 12 awoke by a great noise and ascertained that it was in making the landing at Erie where we were detained three or four hours. (I should have mentioned that after tea last evening we ran into Dunkirk Harbor). This morning my room mate awoke me at 6:30 o'clock, I got up, washed and dressed, feeling much refreshed.

Friday, 11th.—7 o'clock, breakfast bell. Ate a hearty breakfast, coffee bad, it could no doubt be improved by having the compound contain more coffee and less peas. After breakfast was much surprised by discovering the Cleveland which left Buffalo five hours after us, now astern. She is a faster boat and has overtaken us on account of some delay at Erie. She passes us within a quarter of a mile to leeward. Several sail in sight.

9 o'clock a. m. Friday the Eleventh.—Just made the harbor of Conneaut. As we approach, the Cleveland is backing out having made the landing. On coming out into the lake again the breeze is freshening and if I am not mistaken before night our meals will be "like water spilled upon the ground."

10 o'clock.—Just touched the pier at Ashtabula. The boat is rolling considerably. A large ship at leeward under full press of sail apparently beating up, makes a splendid appearance, she being so far off that her hull is not visible. Mr. Temple and myself are sitting in our stateroom looking over our maps.

How often I am carried back to my own home, perhaps my dear E. is thinking that I am enjoying myself without a thought of her. An intimation of the kind before I left which I hardly noticed at the time has annoyed me a good deal today. What! forget my wife? she who was my first choice and shared my first love? who for more than ten long years has been the

partner of my joys and sorrows, the mother of my children and especially of that one who is now no doubt in his disembodied spirit joining the celestial throng in Heaven chanting the praises of his Redeemer. And may God in mercy grant that we may rightly appreciate all our blessings and may God spare us yet many years in mercy and in love for ourselves and children.

12:30 o'clock.—Since writing the above I have been reading Willis' Romance of Travel (a very interesting book) sitting on the stern deck. About an hour later we met the splendid steamer Illinois. We are now running close in upon the opposite shore. The lake is quite rough but our monstrous boat or ship walks quietly through the turbulent waves. I find my nice slippers very comfortable and the two rabbits wrought by the hands of my dear E. are constantly bringing to my recollection home with its scenes. Query. Shall I copy my journal thus far for the subject of a letter from Detroit? We shall see after dinner, about which I have an increasing anxiety.

3 p. m.—Dinner over and we have made the harbor of Fairport, Ohio, where the vessel has taken wood. While lying at the wharf we went ashore and looked about. Nothing of interest to be seen. 28 miles more brings us to Cleveland, after we leave there I may commence a letter.

4 o'clock, p. m.—Since leaving Fairport we have met two steamers, passing close to them, the Erie and General Harrison. It is getting late in the afternoon and if I can get paper and ink will commence a letter.

6 o'clock p. m.—Just finished my letter and we are lying to off Cleveland, some of our machinery having broken. After an hour's delay machinery repaired and we are making the harbor of Cleveland. This is a beautiful place and reminds me of Oswego. On the opposite side of the Cuyahoga River (which forms the harbor) is situated Ohio City. We are coming to the dock. Shall go ashore and look at the city. The captain gives us an hour. After being ashore forty minutes we started for

the boat. As soon as we came in sight found her rounding to for her departure. We had a fine chance to try our speed and arrived just in time to jump into a coal boat and from thence onto the stern of steamer. The captain laughed to see us in such a form and said he wouldn't have left us, but I had just been thinking what a nice fix I should have been in to have my clean shirts (to say nothing of other fixings) taken to Chicago, and this with my wet back and streaming cheeks did not put me in a mood for listening to any jesting about the matter.

9 o'clock (evening).—Out on the broad lake again and steaming for Detroit direct so I will go to bed.

Saturday morning 12th.—Awoke by Mr. Temple. He said we were passing Walden on the Detroit River, (why call this a river?) it is a strait connecting Lake St. Claire with Erie. However the shores are beautiful. Breakfast on board, and by 8:30 o'clock reached Detroit. Now for a row with the runners; "Baggage for the National," "Carriage for the Exchange," etc., all talking at once. We go to the National where I am now writing. Walked out and called at some of the drug stores: Talked about the dignified subject soda water and discussed most particularly the great advantages of Swan's Atmospheric Fountain. Great man that Swan to invent an article so useful to mankind in general and the soda mongers in particular. When we arrived we were informed there was no conveyance until Monday morning and had settled ourselves comfortably in regard to rooms, etc. Walked down to N. G. Barracks and saw that interesting ceremony guard mounting, after which I went to the railroad depot and with some urging they consented to send out an extra train to Ann Arbor this p. m. at 3 o'clock. This will get us on one day earlier though we shall have to spend the Sabbath at Ypsilanti where it is said they have a fine band which plays every evening at sunset for the benefit of citizens and strangers, the bull frogs supplying the bass and the small ones the tenor and soprano. Left Detroit 3 p. m. by railroad, thirty miles to Ypsilanti, arrived there at

5:30 o'clock. Well it's no use for me to be a rogue and attempt to escape justice. No sooner do I set foot in any place than I hear from somebody "How are you Mr. Swan?" or perhaps more briefly and less gentlemanly "How are you Swan?" Found several acquaintances and among them one I was very glad to find, viz., D. Allen who owes us \$94. Couldn't pay me but \$48 which I took very cheerfully. We got an excellent supper here for 25 cents each and as many large delicious strawberries with rich cream. While coming up on the railroad we waited for the other train at Dearborn Arsenal and after visiting the arsenal I picked some strawberries. They grow here spontaneously and are very large. After tea at Ypsilanti, not liking our quarters to stay over the Sabbath, we hired a wagon to take us to Ann Arbor 10 miles. After a pleasant ride over a fine road and through a delightful country we arrived at the latter place about 8 o'clock. We found an excellent hotel and no sooner had I seated myself by the fire, being a little chilly, than in came John Frink who was with Loomis; soon after Henry Williams, formerly of Utica, came in. At 10 o'clock we came up to our room. Settled our travelling accounts and found my expenses thus far \$16.50. Must now go to bed. To-morrow if life and health are spared shall go to church, and will also say something about the beautiful village of Ann Arbor.

Sunday noon 13th.—Breakfast and went to hear the Rev. Mr. Cummings formerly of St. Luke's Church, Rochester. A good sermon and very pretty church. Am informed that Mrs. M. F. Reynolds is quite unwell at Mr. Cummings' house. In the afternoon went to hear Mr. Cleveland, Presbyterian. Poor sermon. While standing at the last singing saw Mr. John Welles and family in one of the pews. He resides here and has a beautiful place. After tea I went out to call there but a shower drove me back. Ann Arbor is a delightful place of about two or three thousand inhabitants and is in every respect a much neater and more thriving place than any of its size in our own state. There are five churches and a state university

now building on a scale of magnificence far beyond Union College at Schenectady, besides many other very fine public and private buildings. I do not wonder that people are made crazy by coming to Michigan if what I have seen is a specimen of the country. To morrow morning I take stage 105 miles west to Kalamazoo. Shall keep up my journal but do not know where I can write another letter, having just finished a long one to mail here.

Monday, June 14th.—Left Ann Arbor with the good-byes of a number of Rochester acquaintances, at 12:30 o'clock by stage for Kalamazoo. Passed through the most beautiful country I ever saw, the ground all along the road richly ornamented with wild flowers and dotted with crimson by the thousand of strawberries which cover it everywhere, the road being entirely natural. Our driver with his post coach drove in the road or woods as he fancied, in fact you may ride through this country anywhere, through the forest with horses and carriage. We passed to-day a great number of natural meadows of hundreds of acres, never cultivated in the least. All that the farmer has to do is, when the grass is ready, send on his men and mow it down. This called in distinction from cultivated hay "wild hay" and the other "tame hay." Passing through a number of small villages in the woods we arrive at Jackson (a considerable place), just in time for tea with strawberries and cream. At this place is the states prison. It is but part finished, but the plan is one extensive enough, and does credit to the astonishing enterprise of this young state. After tea at Jackson we again take seat in the coach and here I have left my fellow traveller, Mr. Temple, after having had his company nearly a week. The night was very cold and damp and the road quite bad. After a very tedious ride arrived at Marshall at 5:00 o'clock in the morning.

Tuesday, 15th.—It is a beautiful place. Joseph Frink resides here, also S. S. Alcott. E. S. Lee came here when he ran away from R., but has since gone to Detroit. This place is

to be the capitol of the state. After breakfast left Marshall and rode through a fine section of country, 34 miles, passing over one or two beautiful prairies, to Kalamazoo, where we arrived at 2:30 p. m. Making enquiry as to where Norris resides, find that he is in the village attending court as a Grand Juror, just the employment I should have been in had I been at home to-day. I am now awaiting dinner and have sent over for Norris.

4 o'clock p. m.—I have just shaken hands with Norris. He is occupied on a jury and cannot leave now. I therefore hired a conveyance to his home. He resides on Genesee Prairie about five miles from the village of Kalamazoo. This village pleases me much, in fact I like its location and general appearance better than any I have before seen and one thing I remarked about in particular, it is one of the few places where you will not see the pale and yellow faces peculiar to those suffering from fever and ague. A short ride and I am at Norris' house, (beautiful spot). Of course, a cordial and hearty greeting from sister Harriet, and I am comfortably settled for a day or two. In the evening Norris came home and after a long talk, went to a nice clean bed, which by the by has been somewhat rare lately.

Wednesday, June 16th.—Awoke by a call from sister Harriet. Found it a charming day and such music from wild birds I never heard. Norris has in all about 400 acres of land here, about 200 of which are improved and under cultivation, his farm being upon the edge of the prairie and part of it timber land giving him a great advantage. He has about 150 acres of prairie. Genesee Prairie includes about 800 acres as level as a floor, and from looking at it now with its fences and houses, one would suppose it had been settled half a century there. Prairies are interspersed throughout the western part of the state and are without exception most beautiful. Some of them are very large, including hundreds and thousands of acres. The land upon them is as rich as any in the world and inhabitants perfectly healthy, many having as red cheeks as

I have ever seen. Norris's house is of wood and a far better one than many farmers can boast of in our own state. He has five horses, five or six cows, oxen, pigs, sheep, etc., large barns and in fact everything comfortable, but I cannot write a description of his excellent farm. To-day we went to a lake near-by where he has a boat. The weather was not favorable, however I caught two pickerel one of which would weigh seven or eight pounds. Norris is now building a farm house for a tenant to manage his farm so that soon he will be quite independent. He raises this year, besides his other crops, 1000 bushels of wheat with the assistance of but two men.

Thursday, 17th.—Awoke this morning by the singing of the birds and intended to have sat in the house to-day, but two gentlemen coming up from the village wished to go a fishing and we concluded to go with them, and in a few hours I caught 10 which would weigh at least 40 pounds. While we were fishing, Harriet and her "Maid of Honor" went out picking strawberries. In short to-day was passed very pleasantly and Norris and Harriet have concluded to go with me to Louisa's. This is very agreeable. Besides the pleasure of their company, there is no means of conveyance and I should have to hire a private one, which would be expensive, as the distance is 53 miles.

Friday, 18th.—Left Norris's at 6:00 o'clock. He, having lost one of his fine span of horses, we are obliged to take his heavy ploughing team. We passed through a fine section of the country today, traveling six or eight miles without seeing a house and passing through the most beautiful woods imaginable. It seems quite impossible for me to feel lonely in these woods for the resemblance is nearer that of a beautiful orchard than to a wilderness. As we jogged along today a fine large buck stood out from before us. He stopped a few rods off and looked at us as though he wished a further acquaintance. There being no decent tavern on the road H. has brought our dinner and, as we stop to feed our horses we all ate with an excellent appetite. We were now detained in a rainstorm. I soon found

that the detention was on my account, Norris and Harriet not minding the rain. We therefore drove on and got some wet. At Summerville, nine miles from Brooks, we were obliged to stop for the night. Got a tolerable supper and comfortably clean beds. Norris and Harriet having the only bed below stairs, I was obliged to sleep up stairs with the "School Marm," she going to bed first and I having got up first. The interference was not felt as there was a short partition across the end where the bed was. Harriet says, however, that she will tell my wife all about it and particularly that I did sleep with the "School Marm." We left here at 4 o'clock this morning, *Saturday, 19th*, and at about 7 we were in sight of Louisa's. I jumped out about a quarter of a mile before reaching it, and after she had welcomed Harriet I opened the gate, when she called out "there is Lansing Swan" and her joy seemed quite full for she ran out and threw her arms about my neck. She did not discover my trick for some time but supposed our meeting accidental as she was expecting me about this time. Here we are at Louisa's clean and nice log house enjoying each others society. Brooks has a splendid farm of 160 acres. He has not got it so much improved as Norris but is now building a house for a tenant and will in a few years have a splendid place. He is located three miles from the flourishing village of Niles on the border of a small prairie which is at the head of navigation on the St. Joseph River at the mouth of which steam boats from Buffalo to Chicago touch. This afternoon we went about five miles to Pine Lake fishing while Harriet, Louisa and her girl went after strawberries which grow here of monstrous size. We got two large pickerel and the girls got about a half bushel of the largest strawberries I have ever seen. It would hardly be believed if I should give the size and quantities of these berries. This evening we sat down to a feast and could I have had the company of my wife I should have been quite happy. The only consolation I could have was to talk of my wife and children, and I am sure I ate strawberries for the whole family.

Louisa's children are very interesting, their little May I can compare to nothing but a sylph. She bounds and springs about more like a fairy than a thing of earth. Louisa and both of the children are pictures of health. Harriet and Norris occupying the parlor chamber, Louisa gave me a cot in the parlor, and after a comfortable night's rest awoke Sunday morning the 20th, refreshed. This is one of the most beautiful mornings I have ever seen since I left home. After a strawberry breakfast Brooks and myself started for church at Niles, four miles. Heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Boughton, the minister. In the intermission we went to the "American" to dinner, and in the afternoon went again to church. It was communion and an interesting season. The congregation would not suffer in comparison (in appearance) with any village in N. York: After church we came in time for another strawberry repast and a rich one it was. We had a new dish, "Strawberry Short Cake," very fine indeed, and it only lacked the presence of my dear B. [?] and the children to make the enjoyment complete. This evening we sat and talked until 11 o'clock and now, half past eleven, I am writing up my journal. Norris leaves at 4 o'clock in the morning. He leaves Harriet here for two weeks to wait the arrival of a box of articles from Onondaga which he is anxiously expecting. I should have mentioned that the presents I brought were received with great pleasure. Louisa has become reconciled to the loss of her furniture and is now very comfortable. She says she has not called a physician since she came into the state and she looks as well as I ever saw her, but I must go to bed as I leave for home tomorrow evening, and shall have in two nights 200 miles of traveling in reaching Detroit.

Monday, 21.—Awoke this morning at 7. Norris had left at 4 and left Harriet here to remain about a week. We took our strawberry breakfast and Brooks brought up his lumber wagon and we all "piled in," little Fred being our driver, and started for little La Porte Prairie about five miles south, in the state of Indiana (the Hoosier State). We had a carpet of straw-

berries nearly all the way, passed several Hoosier's nests but did not stop to see if the old Hoosier "was on." The prairie is a beautiful one and I can compare these prairies to nothing better than an immense lake of land extending as far as the eye can reach and what is more singular being the highest ground. The name of this prairie rendered in English is Door Prairie, and I regretted to hear it called so after hearing the beautiful French name "La Porte." We returned from our ride about 12 o'clock without picking any strawberries as we intended, it was so very warm. As soon as we came in I made a sketch of a rear and west view of Brook's cabin or mansion. Yesterday took a front and east view. I found I have some talent for sketching, as the children pronounced it "just like our house." We ate dinner together for the last time and I packed my trunk preparatory to leaving. At 2 o'clock Brooks and myself started for the village and I bid my sister farewell after a delightful visit with Harriet of five days and Louisa three days. God only knows when I shall see them again, perhaps not until the last trumpet shall sound when we all hope to meet with all dear friends in Heaven. I found a brother's feelings stronger in parting than I had before experienced. May God in mercy have them in His holy keeping. Brooks took tea with us at the hotel and I parted with him. I am to leave here at 12 o'clock tonight. I am now sitting in the reading room writing up journal and indulging in agreeable reflections at the thought of turning my face homeward. How are my dearest wife and children? is a question which I ask myself every hour. Not one word have I heard from home, nor have I seen a paper until this evening in a merchant's store here I saw the weekly Democrat. I caught it up as if it had been a treasure. Could I but know that all is well at home I should feel less anxiety, but why should I feel so anxious? They are in the hands of a merciful Providence who will do right. My journey and visit therefore has been pleasant, but my anxiety about my dear ones at home, and on account of James' health has been very great. But I must get some sleep before the stage goes, and will resume my journal tomorrow.

Tuesday, 22d.—Left Niles at 1 o'clock and am now on the great turnpike from Detroit to Chicago. We had a miserable breakfast, got up by good-looking, but outrageously dirty women, who, I should think, were Hoosiers. Certain I am that in their domestic arrangement they are no credit to the village of "Adamsville." Met Geo. Talbot on the road this morning and made the driver stop until I could shake hands with him. He was on his way to Niles and St. Joseph. At Mottville we crossed the St. Joseph. This is a fine river. I have forgotten to say anything about the wild flowers which adorn the woods and prairies. They are beautiful beyond anything that can be imagined. What a treat for Libby to be among them. Was pleased to find Harriet and May so good botanists. They have taken up and pursued the study and have quite an extensive herbarium already. We passed over to-day White Pigeon Prairie, near the center of which is the beautiful village of that name. The prairie contains about 8,000 acres perfectly level and highly cultivated, in fact I think this spot excels any other I have seen. I met a Rochester acquaintance who is a merchant here. 1:00 o'clock we arrived at the Sturgis Prairie Hotel where we are awaiting dinner, to which I am sure I shall do ample justice, as it promises from the appearance of the house to be clean. These dirty meals and dirty women are not quite the thing. I thank Heaven I am not tied up to one of this character and were it not for fear this page will meet her eye I would write out her praises in no measured terms. But for ugly looking women Michigan assuredly excels, as well as in dirty taverns and good looking "school marms." I was not mistaken. We had an excellent dinner, warm cakes, tea, etc., bacon and eggs. I have eaten them until I am ashamed to see a hen and can hardly look a respectable porker in the face. We are on the road again and passing innumerable beautiful lakes and some villages. At 6:00 o'clock arrived at the village of Cold Water. An excellent name this, but the bar room of a miserable hotel belies

its name. Tea is getting ready and a poor one I am sure it will be. We have had 14 passengers in and on the coach to-day, and with the heat and dust this afternoon I am almost worn out. However, must hold out until to-morrow evening when I hope to reach Detroit, and get some sleep on board a steamboat. Oh, how I wish I was home! Must plod along all night instead of being in a comfortable bed. I was somewhat disappointed. We had a tolerable supper, and again on the road. A tedious night and a miserable breakfast this morning, Wednesday, the 23d, where I did not try to remember the name of the place. At 11 o'clock arrived at a very pretty village called Clinton. The roads as we passed along, carpeted with lillies, roses, etc. 12 o'clock at Saline, ten miles brings us to Ypsilanti where we take cars for Detroit and as we are now about making the last stage I hope it will not bring us to the last stage for I am almost worn out. On my way out I left Ypsilanti the evening of the 12th, and have made my circuit traveling about 400 miles. We expect to be in Detroit about 4:00 o'clock, and the first thing I shall do will be to look for a letter from home, and then take a bath and get shaved, for I am a perfect sight, covered with dirt and dust and my head almost ready to blossom. We arrived at Ypsilanti just in time for the cars and to snatch a hasty dinner, arrived in Detroit at 5:00 o'clock p. m., and I had barely time to look after my baggage, go to the post office and get my letter, get shaved and get some clean clothes on before the boat was off. I met my old fellow traveler, Mr. Temple, at the National. He had waited a day for me. I was obliged to read my letter as I was in the street, and was so hurried that I lost my tea. However, I am now on board the beautiful steam boat "Constellation," going down the Detroit river, and having retired to my stateroom cannot write any more until I have read my letter over again. Could my dearest E. know with what feelings I read this kind letter, I am sure she would not feel (as I suspect she does sometimes) that her husband is wanting in affection towards her and is pleased with the idea of occasionally straying away from home

alone. It is now just two weeks since I left home and not a word have I heard from those who alone occupy my affections. I never have experienced so long an absence before, and trust that our Heavenly Father has them still in His holy keeping and will preserve us all to meet again. What I most regret is that I am obliged to stop at Huron to-morrow and a part of a day at Buffalo, but as I have had no rest for two nights and must leave the boat at 12:00 o'clock I must go to bed, although it is not yet dark. Had a grateful and undisturbed sleep, and was awake at 2:00 o'clock the morning of Thursday the 24th, and at 3:00 landed at Huron. A good looking house, but on going to my room it is miserable enough. However, I must make the best of it and leave by stage for Norwalk (in the Buckeye State) in the morning. Left Huron in a buggy wagon for Norwalk, 12 miles over a bad road. Arrive at Norwalk about 11:00, waited for dinner and finding I could not collect my debt, thought seriously of taking a horse, but in consideration of the expense and trouble of taking him home I gave it up and left the note at the bank for collection. Norwalk is the county seat of Huron County. It is a very pretty village. I should like very much to take home a fine horse, as I could get one here very cheap. Dined at 1:00 o'clock and returned to Huron where I am now writing. A tremendous gale has just come on and the boats coming down to-night are both small ones. The Vermillion, as is supposed, has just gone into Sandusky bay, 10 miles above. Prudence would probably dictate that I remain here until a better and safer boat comes down, but my anxiety is so great to get home before Sunday that I believe I shall risk it although this angry lake is lashing herself into a foam. What a pity I did not stay on board the Constellation, for I have only got my delay for my trouble, instead of cash as I expected. Since writing the above the rain has poured down in torrents with terrific thunder and lightning. I have just been up to the observatory and discovered a steamer coming down. She is about 10 miles distant. She came to the dock and it proved to be the Vermillion, hav-

ing been thoroughly refitted with new engines. She is a fine boat of about 400 tons. I am now on board of her and we are dashing through or rather riding over the waves at a rapid rate. She appears to me to be a good sea boat, is beautifully fitted up with all her cabins (except the steerage) on deck, with staterooms also. I was much pleased on coming on board to find an old friend of father's, Israel Smith, of Rochester, and formerly captain of a packet boat, as captain's clerk, so I got an introduction to Captain Ludlow and a good stateroom with every attention I could wish. The boat labours very much. She writhes and twists with the swells. Many of the passengers are sick, but it does not affect me in the least. I believe my father is too much of an "old salt" for his son to be affected by fresh water; but jesting aside, it is a bad night, and the captain informs me that he shall run into Cleveland and remain until morning, when perhaps the lake will be more calm. I am very anxious to stop at Erie and perhaps may conclude to do so to-morrow. I think I can and yet reach Buffalo in time to get home Saturday night. At the thought of home my heart beats quicker and I indulge myself in conjecturing at what time I shall arrive, whether in the morning, noon or night, and how I shall find all my dear family. How often have I, since I left home, tried to call to mind the features of my dear wife and children. I recollect to have heard Gilbert, the painter, remark that it was impossible to call to mind the features of near friends when absent from them, and that he had tried to paint a likeness of his wife under such circumstances, but could not. I believe it so, and the reason appears to be that with our nearest friends there is something more than mere looks which fills the mind's eye—it is the voice, the manner, the action that we want, and this is perhaps the reason why portraits so seldom please relatives, while they are pronounced good likenesses by acquaintances. *10 o'clock.* I am not yet in bed. I slept so much more than usual last night that I feel but little inclination to sleep to-night. I have thought while keeping this very imperfect journal that it might

perhaps interest my dear E. when I returned home, in fact that was one object in commencing it, but it is so badly written and such a heterogeneous mass of truck that I fear no one but myself can read it. Perhaps she may also expect to find in it my thoughts. In this, for the most part, she will not be so much mistaken. Had I time I should like to write it out more at length and in a more grammatical and connected manner; however, in any event, whether copied or not, it will be gratifying to me to look it over. In the letter I read yesterday an allusion is made to a probability of our taking up our abode at the west at some future time. This to me, just now, does not appear probable, although I am delighted with Michigan and can tell a great deal more about it, or can say more in praise of the country, than is written in these pages. Yet I cannot say that I should like to go there now to reside—but I must go to bed as we are now at Cleveland and I can sleep quietly.

Friday Morning, 25th.—Had a tolerable night's rest and did not get up until about 7:00, consequently breakfast was on the table as soon as I could get dressed. My stateroom opening into the cabin, I stepped out and took a seat at the table. Had but little appetite, in fact I find that this important quality is decreasing as I approach home, and perhaps it is well or I might turn out and astonish some one, who will know how much I eat. 12:00 o'clock. We have made two or three landings, but they are the same as I noticed going up. At the breakfast table I met with one or two good looking ladies, which was really pleasant, as I really believe I have not seen a half dozen decent looking women (I mean so far as features are concerned) since I left home. The Michigan women, for I cannot write them down ladies, are in looks, the ugliest I have ever seen. I have been reading and lounging in the cabin, time drags heavily. A husband and wife have been sitting at one of the tables holding agreeable converse, and seeing them enjoying each other's society makes me feel more lonely. Why is it necessary we should be deprived of blessings in order that we may fully appreciate them. The pleasure and enjoyments

of home, dear home, never came upon my imagination with such force as during this journey. It is probably owing to the fact that usually my time has been occupied while away from home, but during this absence I have experienced many hours of loneliness and had I been in possession of the "fairy rug" alluded to in my wife's letter how quickly would it have been brought in requisition. The swell, which was very heavy when we left Cleveland, has gradually subsided and the boat become quite steady. Some of the passengers have, however, been sick this morning. *2:00 o'clock p. m.* A slight fog made its appearance about 12:00 and it has now become so dense that we have been obliged to lay to. While under way a short time since, on heaving the lead, we were all surprised to find that we were in water scarcely deep enough to float us and in a few moments more must have struck. The boat immediately backed her engines until we found water of sufficient depth. We are supposed to be off the Harbor of Conneaut. The fog is so thick that we cannot see the length of the boat in any direction. We are, however, all the while either ringing the bell or blowing off steam, being in great danger of being struck by some other vessel, which in our present situation would take us to the bottom in an instant. The captain has just sent a boat ashore to make some discovery as to our position and if possible to make the Harbour of Conneaut. *2:30 o'clock.* The boat has just returned and reports us to be two miles above the harbor, and we are under way proceeding very slowly and heaving the lead constantly. The sun struggling to pierce the dense fog with its rays presents a singular appearance. We could not make the harbor, but lay off about two miles, while the small boat went ashore. *4 o'clock.* The fog has entirely disappeared and the lake become quite calm. *5 o'clock.* We are off the harbor of Erie, Penn., and will probably land. I ought to stop here to attend to a little business, but am now in so comfortable quarters that I do not like the idea of taking a small, poor boat and the amount of my business not perhaps pay for the delay as the boats charge additional fare for way

passengers. For instance, my landing at Huron, with expenses, was \$3.75 in addition to what it would have been had I come direct through. We met to-day the Constellation which brought me to Huron. 7 o'clock. We have made the landing at Erie and are again out in the lake. I have retired to my pleasant stateroom, on the upper deck, adjoining the gentlemen's cabin, to write a little and to pass away the time by reading. I find my books very convenient and those I brought with me will just furnish me with reading until I arrive at home. We are to make but one more landing (at Dunkirk) and are but 90 miles from Buffalo, (170 from Rochester). A week ago tonight I was 500 miles from home. I have a little business at Buffalo and cannot, I suppose, get away from Captain Loud before afternoon. 11 o'clock. I have been reading in my stateroom until this time. It commenced raining about 9:00 o'clock and has increased since, with fog and darkness, and as I have just laid by my book to go to bed I notice that the engines are making very few strokes and a man is heaving the lead for we are running a few minutes slowly and then lying to. The lightning is glorious every few minutes, but with all this desolation and darkness it seems providential that the water is almost unruffled. We are in much greater security from coming in contact with other vessels now than in a fog in the day, as our lights aloft would be more readily seen. Hark, what noise! While I am writing we have struck something—the engines are backing and she goes off. May God in mercy preserve us to see the morning light! I hope the captain will let go an anchor and wait until morning, but I must trust myself to that merciful Providence which has ever been over me in all the dangers to which I have been exposed. Although I do not feel the least terrified, yet it is a dreadful night and much worse than anything I have ever before seen, and now it is thundering and the clouds from which it comes apparently approaching, perhaps bringing with it a gale and we have no harbor but Dunkirk between this and Buffalo. But under all circumstances I must go to bed for my lamp is nearly

burned out. Went to bed and in a short time fell asleep. Awoke at 5:00 o'clock.

Saturday, 26th.—The fog continues. We are supposed to be near Buffalo. Still moving very slowly. *6 o'clock.* The harbor is discovered and all steam is on, carrying us through the water at a rapid rate. It is raining very hard. *7 o'clock.* We are at the dock. I rode to the American in an omnibus. Can hardly consent to stay here to-day, but I must on account of business. Met Captain Loud in the reading room and Mrs. Loud and daughter at breakfast. After breakfast rode up to the barracks with the Captain, Lieut. Pitkin, and some other officers. Saw guard mounting in the rain. It cleared off and at 10 o'clock the troops (about 300) turned out in full uniform for review and field drill. Captain Loud had command of the 1st company. They looked well. After review, the colonel sent them through some battallion evolutions which I was deeply interested in, and which were creditable to the officers and men. The company of light or flying artillery exceeded anything I ever saw. They are a very effective corps. After the parade I came down to the American. The captain remaining at the barracks, requested me to wait upon his wife and Miss Julia at dinner, which of course I did in my very best style. Dinner over and I have attended to what business I have on hand, and shall leave for home at 5 o'clock via Batavia. *1-4 before 5.* I am just going to pack up my traps to be off, and the satisfaction I derive from the reflection that in eight or nine hours, if life is spared, I shall be in my own dear home can be *felt* but not *described*. This American is a great house. Looking into the parlor to-day I was reminded of the time I saw it before in company with my dear E. in 1836, I think. Rathbone was a great man. Where is he now? alas! let the walls of Auburn Prison answer. These *great* men stand upon slippery places, especially so if they are without being *good*. Who would be a great man without the important quality just mentioned? Give the reputation of the *good* and if the *great* can be with propriety added then it is truly well.

I should not perhaps have indulged in the preceding digression from the object of my journal, were it not that I see I have some blank pages left, but I must leave them for the present. 7 o'clock. We are on the road whirling away at the rate of eight miles the hour towards Batavia where we take the cars. This short, or rather *to me long* night over and I shall be home. I have become so accustomed to being broke of rest that I really do not mind it, and tonight will not be uncomfortable. 9:30 o'clock. We are at Blodget's waiting for supper, having come twenty-six miles. I have a good appetite and lay in a good store for my night work. It struck me that I was looked at to-day at Buffalo as something curious. I know of nothing singular except that I had on my calico shirt when I arrived, and my face, hands and neck may be somewhat discolored by the sun. Perhaps I may judge how much it is changed by comparing myself with my portrait.

Sunday, 29th, 11 o'clock a. m.—We are at Batavia. I have slept over the last twelve miles, and in two hours and a half shall be at R. As I shall have no opportunity to write more, I must bring my journal to a close or else leave the f-i-n-i-s until I get fairly home.

CHIEF GRAY HAWK, LAST OF THE NEPISSINGS

BY KATHERINE BANTA

BAY CITY

CHIEF WAU-BE-KA-KUK, The Gray Hawk, otherwise Peter Chatfield, of Pleasant Lake, near Lapeer, is the last of the Nepissing tribe of the Chippewas in Lapeer County. And he advances what to me is a new theory as to why most of this one-time hardy tribe of the woods and streams have died of lung trouble of one kind or another. "It is not," said Chief Gray Hawk, "that the Indian has suffered from the unaccustomed confinements of modern civilization, as so many people think, but it is a natural outcome of the exposure to the cruelties of winter weather which generation after generation of the Nepissing met with such carelessness and disregard of consequences."

There is no doubt in the mind of this former half-back of the Carlisle varsity football squad that the Indians of his own generation inherited a lung weakness which made them more than ordinarily susceptible to the tubercular germs.

"Why, it was nothing for my grandfather, in his youth as well as in his later years, to come in day after day in the winter with feet practically frozen, after a hunting trip or running his traps, and treat it as if it were of no importance at all. It was one of the prides of the tribe that they could go through all kinds of winter storm and not have a cold afterward," said Gray Hawk. "The Indian was taught hardihood early, and he carried it to an extreme. He came to think himself impervious to the ravages of exposure. That's why I'm the only one left in a family of seven, and why today I'm the only one of the tribe in a county where fifty years ago there were two or three hundred of our immediate branch. Of course, our ancestors were ignorant of scientific methods of combatting disease. And by the time the missionaries had come, and later the other white settlers, with their teachings

of sanitary methods and the treatment of illnesses, the damage had already been done and the race had become weakened."

Peter Chatfield is the son of William Chatfield, who was Chief Wa-wah-sum, of the Nepissings who inhabited Lapeer County for as long as Peter remembers, or as long as lay within the memory of his grandfather. But his mother was Weng-be-queh, from Walpole Island, near Canada, the daughter of an Indian mother and a French father. Though neither Gray Hawk nor his father ever lived in the tribal village, his grandfather did, in a settlement between Almont and the St. Clair River, where Wa-wah-sum was born eighty-eight years ago. The grandfather, Chief Pam-Quong, was a man of considerable influence in his day, as the translation of his name, *The Passing of Thunder*, testifies.

Since early childhood Gray Hawk, though brought up in the shadow of missionary influence, early went to school at Mt. Pleasant, and later for three years in college at Carlisle, where he was football star, baseball player, and an outstanding member of the college band, has heard the legends and beliefs of the Nepissing tribe told and retold. And some of them are different from any that I have found recorded in any history of the Michigan Indians.

For instance, it was a revelation to me to learn from Gray Hawk that this branch of the Chippewas believed in transmigration of the soul. When a Nepissing died, he was believed to live again in the form of a bear, a deer, a hawk, an eagle—the form being determined by some urgent wish expressed or felt during his earthly life. And the number of forms that his soul might take were innumerable, for there was no death of the spirit.

Also, according to the Last of the Nepissings, the religion of the Nepissing differed chiefly from the teachings of the Christian missionaries in that there was no hell after death. All life-after-earthly-death was happy, hence the customary term of *Happy Hunting Ground*. Which may be one explanation of the proverbial fearlessness of the Redskin. Why

should he fear death, when death meant his translation to eternal happiness either as a hunter or fisherman in forests which were always as lovely as Indian summer, or as a carefree animal or bird of the wilds?

Much of the religion of the Nepissings, and of other Chippewa tribes, it is said by Chief Gray Hawk, centered in the concern of the living for the spirits of the dead, and their desire to help to make the spirit life continuously happy. In this belief, not only were the best blankets and weapons of the brave buried with him, but some of the choicest of kettles and dishes as well. For even in the Happy Hunting Ground he needed to prepare his food. Further assistance to the blissful after-life of the departed was given in periodical ceremonies of the tribe, in which the focal point was a great sacrificial fire, with liquor, the best of the tobacco crops, meat, and grains, being placed in the burning heap. For the fire was itself a spirit which would carry the sacrifices to the spirits of the dead.

Ceremonies of the Nepissings differed of course according to the occasion. But the one essential was fire. "Fire, always fire, for every feast or ceremony of the tribe," said Peter Chatfield. "Fire was the Indian's greatest friend, and fire could be his greatest enemy if its spirit was not fed and placated at intervals."

Other spirits besides the fire spirit had to be kept in a friendly mood. Lapeer County is rich in lakes, streams, hills and other natural formations which had special meaning in the tribal life and religion. Otter Lake, for instance, in the northwestern part of the county, now famous as the site of the Amercian Legion billet, a home for the orphans of World War veterans, was a hundred years ago the most popular hunting ground of the Nepissing Chippewas. Deer and bear abounded here, but, above all, otter,—which gave the lake its name and which in Nepissing is Nig-gik. Trombley's Mountain, between Romeo and the southern boundary of Lapeer, was the abode of the Spirit of the Big Serpent, Mshi-Kan-ab-

bek. And while all of the vicinity of this hill was a favorite camping and hunting ground, alive with wild turkeys, the Mshi-Kan-ab-bek must first be appealed to and worshiped. In the ceremonies of the feast of Mshi-Kan-ab-bek, Gray Hawk's grandfather, Passing-of-Thunder, often took a leading part. The prophet of the tribe took charge of the fire ceremony and superintended the sacrificial burning of bread and meat, and a dance by all who attended the rites was the final supplication to the spirit of the serpent. None but adults were admitted to the secret ritual.

All lakes and rivers, however, were inhabited by their own peculiar spirits, in the legends of Gray Hawk. Bronson Lake, beyond Lapeer and the present Michigan Home and Training School which now houses 3,000 dependents of the State, in the old days was the scene two or three times a week of an eerie spectacle. One of the oldest women of the tribe, soon after daybreak, would appear on the shore of the lake, and dance in perfect rhythm to the tom-tom of a ghostly drum whose musical measures rose from the depths of the waters. Others could not hear it. But she could, and it called her to do reverence to the spirit of the lake, until her death.

Potter's Lake, one of the prettiest in the county, lured the beautiful maidens of the tribe to its shores. For its waters were so clear that they reflected faithfully the maidens' faces as they painted them with the herbs of the woods. It was known to the Nepissings as Mes-qua-Zong Ne-bis, Painting-the-face-red Lake, because of this mirror-like quality.

Pleasant Lake, on whose shores Chief Gray Hawk now lives on his farm as Peter Chatfield, citizen of the United States, was Pya-quak, Shallow Water, the home of several hundreds of the Chippewa tribe to which Gray Hawk belongs.

Almont, one of the important towns in Lapeer County, was originally Cheep-Ko-King, a rooted place, for near there great trees exposed their giant roots and offered a protected place for an encampment.

The Flint River was Pe-Ong-Go See-be, the literal translation of its present name is Chippewa, so named because the course and the land through which it flows were treasure-stores of this stone so valuable in Indian civilization.

Contrary to the familiar Hiawatha legend of the Indian brave choosing his own bride because of her beauty or loveliness, Gray Hawk tells me that in the Nepissing tribe all engagement and marriage arrangements were made by the parents. Sons and daughters usually abode by the wishes of the elders, though the ruling was not so stringent that fervent objections on the part of young people were summarily disregarded. Engagements were announced several moons before the date set for the marriage. The period of preparation culminated in a marriage festival of great joy, with fire ceremony, dancing, and the bringing of gifts of hides, furs, bows and arrows, household utensils, moccasins, or specially carved weapons for the bride and groom. And so sacred was the relationship of husband and wife regarded that upon the death of either one of the pair, the remaining mate went into a year's mourning.

The mourning, in Lapeer, was a period of fasting and inattention to bodily cleanliness. During the entire period, certain foods were taboo and certain others were eaten only on specified days of the week. The hair was not cut for a year, and neither did the mourner bathe or change his garments in that time. At the end of the period, he cut his hair, arranged it elaborately, bathed, threw away his old garments and put on new ones designed especially for the occasion, and then was the central figure in a great celebration of the tribe, with appropriate ceremony.

Although Peter Chatfield shows no bitterness against the invasion of the white man, and indeed says that the teachings of living peacefully together inculcated by the missionaries, were a fine thing for his people, there is one thing that he resents. And that is the desecration of his burying grounds by the whites. While death was not a fearful thing to the

Nepissing, because of his firm belief in a universally happy hereafter, yet the spirits of the dead were revered and the burying grounds were sacred. The high banks of the Flint River, for instance, were once a great cemetery of this tribe. Gray Hawk's grandmother was buried there. And now, because of the cold indifference of the white man, there is not a trace of this sacred ground left. Gradually, year by year, the farms were ploughed a little closer to the graves. Frequently graves were opened and desecrated by relic hunters without any attempt being made to restore or to keep certain graves intact because of the feelings of living relatives of the dead buried there. Gray Hawk can show you the site of the Nepissing cemetery along the river, but so completely is it covered that no one who hadn't previous knowledge could point to the spot.

One of the hair-raising stories told by this Chippewa is that of the fate of his great-great-grandfather. He was chief of the tribe living around Pleasant Lake, ten miles from Lapeer, when a small-pox epidemic struck the Nepissing village. By the time the disease had spent its force, almost all of the 300 or so inhabitants were dead and many of the others were greatly weakened and unable to defend themselves from the beasts of the forest. The chief, in full regalia of his rank, then convalescing from the malady, started to a neighboring village at what is now Potter's Lake, probably to get help. He never got to Potter's Lake and he never returned to Pleasant Lake. Searchers found what was left of him—wampum belt, beads and silver reeklace—half-way between the two encampments. The wolves had taken the rest. And many others of the convalescents at Pleasant Lake died in the same manner that winter, before able-bodied tribesmen could come to their aid.

"But why the name Chatfield for this family of Indian warriors?" I asked. "Most Indians today have English names as well as the tribal ones. Where did they get them?"

"The missionaries. They handed out new names to the Indians as they handed out the new religion," was the reply.

Thus passed the Passing of Thunder, and became William Chatfield. But though it seemed to have no meaning then, it has a meaning now. For the family has become known as one of intelligence and good education, living the lives of good citizens.

When Peter Chatfield came home after three years of college at Carlisle, he coached the Lapeer High School football team, which was not scored on during his coachship. Then he went to Mt. Pleasant Indian School as engineer—a job he liked but had to quit to come home to Pleasant Lake and take care of his mother, who died not so long ago at 80. Since then, besides his farming, he has worked in the Bostick foundry at Lapeer, poured metal in the raddle room where castings are polished, has worked in the Buick shop, and at other jobs of similar nature. He is best known about Lapeer as umpire of the Lapeer baseball games, a sport at which he has excelled for many years. He has one daughter, a graduate of Mt. Pleasant, who lives with him.

A chief by heritage, and the last male descendent of a line of chiefs! He has known the outdoor beauties and riches of this Michigan as none of us can ever know them. Hunters, fishermen, tourists, vacation-cottagers, we are trying to rediscover the region that the Chippewa loved and fought to hold. "Now," said Gray Hawk, "everyone is finding out that my people were right: it is better to live outdoors and revere the spirits of the rivers and woods and lakes."

EARLY FRENCH EXPLORATION IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION

BY PROF. HARRY B. EBERSOLE

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MARQUETTE

THE motives which led to the explorations and subsequent settlement of New France were common to those of 16th and 17th century colonial expansion everywhere. We find here the desire to Christianize the savages, the kingly passion for territorial acquisition, the desire for economic gain through the development of the natural resources of the country, the spirit of adventure and the hope of finding a westward passage to the rich Orient. However in appraising the comparative importance of these various motives in bringing about the development of New France, great prominence rightly belongs to the first of these, religious fervor.

It will be the purpose of this paper to point out some of the facts in the early history of the Lake Superior region. The most valuable source material is found in *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*. These seventy volumes containing the accounts of the travels and explorations of the Jesuit missionaries in New France from 1610 to 1791, are a storehouse of information for this period. Bancroft says that the Jesuit was always the pioneer of New France. This is not literally true. We know that he was frequently preceded by or accompanied by the trader. Nevertheless, it is to the reports of Jesuits like Father Marquette that we owe much of our knowledge of conditions in America when the white man first began to explore the Great Lakes region and upper Mississippi valley. The Jesuits penetrated into regions unknown and settled among the natives with the purpose of bringing the gospel to them. They were educated. They were methodical and painstaking

in the reports required of them by their superiors. The trader was not usually a letter writer. He left few written records. Of necessity then we turn to the Jesuit accounts as the chief source of information on the early history of New France.

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The rise of the Jesuit order is of considerable interest. In the third decade of the 16th century, Henry VIII of England had broken with the Church of Rome and had sent to the block his wife Anne Boleyn and Sir Thomas More, the noblest Englishman of the age. Catholic Europe was horrified at the extreme methods of the English king and thoroughly alarmed at the defection of the Anglican from the Universal Church. The loss of much of Germany and the Low Countries from the ranks of the Church as a result of the Lutheran revolt in those countries just previous to the above events in England was sufficient to arouse Catholicism from any indifference which still existed as to the real menace represented by the spread of Protestantism. To combat heresy and to regain lost ground, the Church proceeded to employ such weapons as the Inquisition, the Council of Trent and the Society of Jesus. Undoubtedly the most effective was the latter and certainly the most significant from the standpoint of New France was the work of the Jesuit order. The founder was Ignatius Loyola, a soldier who was wounded in the Spanish wars, became converted on a bed of convalescence after reading the Life of Christ. He thereupon conceived the idea of founding a great crusading order, militant and aggressive for the Roman Church. Says Parkman, "It was an evil day for new born Protestantism when a French Artillery man fired the shot that struck down Ignatius Loyola. A proud noble, an ardent soldier, a graceful courtier, an inspiring and daring gallant was metamorphosed by that stroke into a zealot whose brain engendered and brought forth the mighty Society of Jesus." In 1540 the Pope gave his sanction to the principles set forth by its founder. Thus the order which was later to play such a remarkable role in the expansion of New France had its beginning.

Later religious activities were encouraged from the beginning by favorable and sympathetic royal support. We know that Francis I (1515-1547) desired to Christianize the Indians. No doubt religious zeal helped to strengthen the political, personal and more purely economic designs which the king had entertained for gaining new land in his growing rivalry with Spain and England. On July 6, 1536, Cartier returned to France after a terrible winter at Stadaconna. This was the name of the Indian village occupying the site of Quebec, first visited by Cartier in 1535. Quebec however was not really founded until 1608 when Champlain arrived there. Before sailing, Cartier had invited Donnaconna, chief of the Hurons to a feast at the fort. Treacherously holding the old chief and some half score warriors as prisoners, he succeeded in carrying them aboard ship for the purpose of taking them back to France with him. Before sailing he sent two frying pans of brass and eight hatchets to Donnaconna's wives and children that they might bear more cheerfully the absence of their lord. Arriving in France, Cartier presented the savages to the king and Donnaconna, now called "King of Canada" chatted we are told with the French monarch in tolerable French. These savages were the first fruits of missionary zeal. All were baptized and given French names, Donnaconna taking the royal name of Francis. The French monarch expressed the desire that the tribes from which these pagans had come should all be converted to the Catholic faith. This objective the Jesuits attempted and their activities as missionaries, explorers and carriers of civilization moulded essentially the early history of New France. "Not a town was founded, not a river entered, not a lake explored, not a cape turned but a Jesuit showed the way." Search for a westward route, love of adventure and stories of mineral deposits especially of copper somewhere to the west were contributing factors, but the Jesuit was prompted mainly by the desire to help the degraded natives. In contrast to the English, the French made little progress at transplanting Frenchmen in the New world.

All told only a few thousand French ever crossed the ocean to Canada. There is a saying that "Next to the kingdom of Heaven, France is the most beautiful of all lands." Probably no other people in the world have idealized the soil of their native country as have the French, and for this reason colonization was with them never popular. Of course climatic conditions, the quality and character of the soil were factors which further tendered to retard colonization.

The existence of rival tribes of Indians was probably the most difficult obstacle in the path of the Jesuits. At least three families of Indians opposed the advance of the French westward. The most numerous, the Algonquins, held sway from Kentucky north to Hudson Bay and from the Atlantic west to the Mississippi, and included the following tribes—Ottawas, Chippewas, Foxes, Sacs, Hurons, Potawatomes, Illinois, Winnebagoes, and Menominees. All extremely warlike and less stable than the southern Indian. Their number probably never exceeded 90,000, but they played a more conspicuous part in the history of westward expansion than any other family. This was due to their location which made conflict with the white man inevitable. A second family were the Iroquois located in the heart of the Algonquin land in what is now New York. They were the craftiest, the most daring and most intelligent of North American Indians. In the 17th century we usually find them at war with the Hurons. Unfortunately for the French, they were alienated from France by Champlain who made war on them in order that he might thus win the friendship of the Algonquins. A third group were the Sioux or Dakotas, west and north of the Mississippi. A fierce, high strung, war like people who finally drove the Ottawas from the western Lake Superior region to the settlement at Mackinac.

Although Henry IV (1589-1610) had sent two Jesuits to Port Royal we know little of the results of their work. The beginning of missionary enterprise in New France dates from 1615. The preceding year, Champlain believed New France to

be materially established. It enjoyed the interest of wealthy men and the favor of the king. The company of One Hundred Associates, so called because of its hundred shares, had been established to develop New France and finance the undertaking. It was in a prosperous condition but thus far there were no religious activities. Desiring to provide religious instruction, the company asked for and obtained four Recollet friars whom it transported to Canada and maintained there. This was in 1615. The Recollets were a reforming branch of the Franciscan order and probably the strictest of them all, devoting themselves to meditation (Fr. recollection). By 1621, they had built a chapel at Quebec. Work was spreading to the interior, contact with fur traders impressed them with the need for more workers. Schools and hospitals also were needed. The cost of these projects would be considerable and the Recollets pledged to poverty were not rich in this world's goods. Ready and waiting to carry on this work was the powerful Society of Jesus, influential and successful in all of its undertakings and not lacking in financial resources to carry on this program of expansion. Finally the Recollets asked the Jesuits to come to their aid in spite of the conviction that the Jesuits would soon monopolize the field to their own exclusion. In 1625, three Jesuits left for Canada and were given a grant of land at Quebec. Rivalry developed between the two orders which ended in the recall of the Recollets by Richelieu. The fact that the Jesuits were financially able to maintain themselves independently was a prime factor which gave them the call over the Recollets.

Probably the first white man to visit the Upper Peninsula of Michigan was Jean Nicolet. He came to Quebec in 1618. Although not himself a Jesuit he was deeply religious and spent nine years living among the Indians, learning their language and mode of life. In 1634 Champlain sent him on a mission to the Indians in the west and we know that he reached St. Mary's River and ascended as far as the outlet of Lake Superior. From there he turned south, following the southern

shore of the Upper Peninsula to Michilimackinac and proceeded to Green Bay, Wisconsin.

In 1641, two Jesuit priests Raymbault and Jogues visited Sault Ste. Marie. Excepting Nicolet, they were probably the first white men ever there. They report finding at this point a Chippewa village of "two thousand souls." They established a mission but Raymbault's sickness and death caused its abandonment. There is no record of any white visitors again in this region until 1660 when Father Menard, the pioneer missionary of the Lake Superior country visited this same village on his journey along the southern shore of Lake Superior to Keweenaw Bay, where he spent the following winter. His account of his journey from Three Rivers to Keweenaw Bay is typical of the experiences of many an early Jesuit. In company with a band of Indians he left Three Rivers on August 27 and reached Keweenaw Bay on October 15. Evidently the Indians from this region were making periodical voyages to the French posts along the St. Lawrence with their furs and pelts. It was with one of these bands that Father Menard cast his lot in order that he might carry Christianity to the savages of the interior. On the journey the Indians compelled him to carry heavy packs every time a portage was made. Being fifty-six years old and in poor health this was a great hardship. He was obliged to remain barefoot and to jump into the water to lighten the canoe whenever they judged it necessary. There was no regularity of meals and oftentimes no food whatever except the scant nourishment derived from dried moose skins and a broth which they made from a certain moss which grew on the rocks. Father Menard called the inlet where their journey ended St. Therese Bay. No bay on Lake Superior now bears the name given by him but there is no doubt but that this is what is now called Keweenaw Bay. The *Jesuit Relation* of 1664, says that the bay where Father Menard arrived and where he wintered was a large bay on the south shore of Lake Superior, one hundred leagues above the Sault. It cannot be Chequamigon Bay, since Father Allouez definitely

states that on his way to Chequamigon he passed the bay called by the aged Father Menard, St. Theresa Bay where he found some Christian women converted by Father Menard five years before. Keweenaw is a Chippewa word which means "where they make a short cut by water". It therefore denotes the passage from east to west by way of Portage Lake and the Portage River. In all probability Father Menard's mission was at old Village or Pikwakwewam, "a peninsula in the shape of a knob" about seven miles north of the present town of L'Anse, Michigan. During his labors here he baptized some fifty Indians. Hearing of four powerful tribes living some two or three hundred leagues to the south and west and believing there was more work to be done among this more numerous population, Father Menard made the decision to go there. On July 13, 1661 he started on the journey which was never consummated. He either became lost or injured and died somewhere in the vicinity of the Black River in Wisconsin. Thus perished the first French resident of the Lake Superior region.

It is entirely possible that the fur traders Groseilliers and Radisson traversed the upper peninsula in 1658. We are not able to tell definitely from the rather confused story by Radisson as to the exact location of regions explored. All we can be certain about is that they pushed west of Lake Superior and traded with the Sioux and other tribes in the region of the upper Mississippi and beyond. The firearms, axes and cloth of the white man were in great demand. The *Jesuit Relation* of 1660 tells of two Frenchmen who arrived with a flotilla at Three Rivers. The account in every way seems to fit Groseilliers and Radisson. Unbounded admiration must be handed the two intrepid explorers who underwent the extremes of cold and heat, suffered the pangs of starvation and sickness, endured the filth and dirt of daily contact with the savages and who managed through it all to maintain control of their articles of trade, for they were at the mercy of the treacherous Indians at all times.

In 1663, there was a crisis in New France, brought about when Louis XIV took over direct control of the colony, dissolved the company of New France and created a new one in order to monopolize the fur trade. Groseilliers and Radisson having traded without license were heavily fined. No consideration or gratitude was shown them for past services. As a result of this treatment, both turned to the English. Their great knowledge of the Northwest and their influence with the Indians proved to be of inestimable value to France's rival. They helped England tap the resources of the Hudson Bay lands and thus encouraged the growing hostility between these two powers for the control of North America.

The second Jesuit who played such a prominent part in early Lake Superior history was Father Allouez, sent as missionary to the Ottawas in 1665. Like Father Menard, he was treated on his journey there to every insult the savages could heap upon him. Half starved and weak from hunger he was forced to paddle all day and into the night like a galley slave chained to his bench. September 1 they reached the Sault and entered Lake Tracy (Superior). The entire month was engaged in coasting along the south shore. On October 1 they arrived at Chequamigon, "one hundred and Eighty leagues from the Sault". On this point of land at the entrance of Ashland Bay near the present city of Ashland, Wisconsin was situated an Indian village of some 800 warriors of different tribes who seem to have lived together in a surprisingly peaceful manner. Says Father Allouez, "This great number of people induced us to prefer this place to all others for our ordinary abode, in order to attend more conveniently to the instruction of these heathen, to put up a Chapel there and commence the functions of Christianity". Evidently this spot was a resort for all the tribes of the northwest. Here they came to engage in fishing and trade. This location was therefore a highly advantageous one for missionary enterprise, since the Jesuits were here brought in contact with savages from all tribes between Lake Michigan and the Missouri River and

north and south between Hudson Bay and the Ohio River. Here Father Allouez founded the mission of LaPointe which he refers to in his writings as the mission of the Holy Ghost. At this place he labored for thirty years. During this time missions were established at Green Bay, Sault Ste. Marie and as far south as Illinois. In general, labors, famine, bad treatment by the savages was the lot of all who participated in this work. To a certain degree it was necessary for the white man to make himself an Indian, to live on moss, on pulverized fish bones which took the place of flour or occasionally to have no food at all for several days. The Indians were accustomed to such hardships. According to Father Allouez they were able to eat enough in one day to carry them eight days when they had no fish or game. But he realized that even an iron constitution could not hold out long under such living conditions. After two years at Chequamegon he started for Quebec in order to bring back recruits in the form of men of courage and piety to work for the support of the mission, to cultivate the land, to hunt, to fish and to build permanent homes. Arriving at Quebec on August 3, 1667, he stayed two days and returned with a few helpers.

In those days Lake Superior would have been an anglers paradise. It abounded in sturgeon, white fish, trout, carp, and herring. A single fisherman it was said would catch in one night 20 large sturgeon, or 150 white fish or 800 herring in one net. Mention is made of sudden squalls which made fishing a hazardous task. Near Nantanaga (Ontonagon) River was a great fishing ground for sturgeon, and Indians were attracted here from great distances. Fish seems to have been the "staff of life".

The early French explorers in the St. Lawrence valley were impressed with the trinkets and ornaments of copper in the possession of the natives. Fabulous stories were told of huge lumps of the metal in pure state. This aroused the curiosity of the white man and served as a strong magnet attracting men into the Lake Superior region where these deposits supposedly

lay. Father Allouez found the natives worshipping lumps of copper which they had fashioned into crude shapes and forms. They said that the copper was found on an island to the east in Lake Superior said by the Indians to be a floating island, sometimes near, sometimes far distant according to the direction of the wind. Then they told the legend of four warriors who accidentally came to this island. This was before the white man and his kettles and utensils had appeared. They set about to prepare a meal and to heat stones putting them into the fire until red hot and then plunging them into a vessel of bark to make the water boil and thus cook their meat. After the meal they started away with plates and pieces of copper. Before they had gone far a powerful voice in great anger exclaimed "Who are those thieves who are carrying away the toys of my children?" The Indians were so much frightened that one died before reaching the mainland and two others soon afterwards leaving only the fourth to relate what had happened. Thus the primitive Indian mind attempted to explain what seems to us a clear case of copper poisoning.

Measured by visible results, Father Allouez was highly successful. Jesuit records claim that he instructed no less than 100,000 savages in the Christian faith and that he baptized 10,000. As Wrong points out in his *Rise and Fall of New France*, "One secret of his influence was that even in the far west the Iroquois were already a terror by their prowling attacks, and by the plundering of the canoes which ventured to go to trade at Montreal, and the western tribes hoped for aid from the French". The activities of the English in the direction of Hudson Bay already referred to as a result of the unfortunate French policy of monopolistic and rigorous control of the fur trade, no doubt had the effect upon Father Allouez of making him more zealous in his work for France and the Catholic faith.

The numerous maps which he made are remarkable for the accuracy and exactness with which they outline the shore line,

islands and principle land features of the Lake Superior region.

Best known of all the Jesuit pioneers and explorers in this region is Father Marquette. Arriving at Quebec in September, 1666, he proceeded at once to Three Rivers. Here he spent two years in the study of the Algonquin language. He showed real talent as a linguist. Within two years he learned to speak with ease six languages. In 1669, he replaced Father Allouez at La Pointe. Early in 1670, he wrote to his superior at Quebec of his safe arrival at Chequamegon after a "months navigation through snow and ice which closed his way and kept him in constant peril of life". The reader who has had any experience with the cold and snow of a Lake Superior January, can easily picture the hardships which Father Marquette so mildly refers to in speaking of his journey westward along the lake shore. Shortly after his arrival the Indians of Chequamegon Bay were attacked by the Sioux and during the following year the Hurons and Ottawas were driven eastward like autumn leaves. Marquette most certainly passed through the site of the city that was later to bear his name. In 1671, he founded a new mission at St. Ignace, opposite Mackinaw. This region had become the point of refuge for numerous tribes whose chief concern was to escape the hostility of the Iroquois on the south and east and the equally ferocious Sioux to the west. Former hunting grounds were abandoned and safety sought near the straits connecting Lake Huron with Lake Michigan. This place had all the advantages desired by the Indians. Fish were abundant at all times, the land was productive and the hunting of bears, deer and lynx was carried on with great success. This had earlier been a rendezvous for the tribes going to or coming from the north and south. The St. Ignace mission soon became the largest and most successful in this region. In Marquette's time there were about 500 Hurons and 1300 Ottawas encamped here.

In 1673, Marquette joined with the trader Joliet to explore the Mississippi. The priest was looking for new fields for

mission work, the trader was eager to explore new lands for France and a possible water route to the south or west. After his return from his trip down the Mississippi, Father Marquette stayed at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at Green Bay, from September, 1673, till October, 1674. In spite of ill health, he set out for the Illinois country in order to work among the Indians at Kaskaskia, but was compelled to turn back. His desire now was to reach Mackinaw but death overtook him near the present site of Ludington, Michigan, on May 18, 1675. Two years later his bones were carried to St. Ignace and buried beneath the chapel. Fire destroyed the chapel in 1700 and the grave of Father Marquette was unknown until 1877 when it was discovered by Father Jacker.

An event of rare importance to the entire Lake Superior region occurred in 1671, when the Ottawa country was formally taken possession of by France in the name of the king, with great splendor. The representative of the Intendant of New France at this time was Sieur Lusson. After wintering at Lake Huron, he arrived at Sault Ste. Marie in May, 1671, at the head of a military expedition. The Indian tribes of the surrounding territory were summoned and it is reported that representatives from fourteen tribes were gathered to greet him. To them the French envoy said, "every morning you will look towards the rising of the sun and you shall see the fire of your French father (king of France) reflecting towards you to warm you and your people". On June 14 Saint-Lusson held a magnificent ceremony. On a hill overlooking the Chipewewa village was erected a huge cross, with the arms of France in all its splendor above it. The cross was blessed, a Te Deum chanted and guns fired; the latter much to the astonishment of many of the Indians. Father Allouez spoke to the assembly in an address that was mainly a eulogy of the king of France whose arms they saw before them and to whose power they now submitted themselves. Knowing well the mental traits of the Indian as well as their language he vividly portrayed to their primitive minds the power and grandeur of their sov-

ereign. Here is one extract: "It is he alone that decides the affairs of the world. What shall I say of his riches? You esteem yourselves rich, when you have ten or twelve sacks of corn, some hatchets, beads, kettles, or some other things similar. He has more cities belonging to him than there are men among you in all these countries in five hundred leagues around. In each city there are stores in which enough axes could be found to cut down all your forests; enough kettles to boil all your moose, and enough glass beads to fill all your wigwams. His house is longer than from here to the head of the Sault, that is, more than half a league; it is higher than the highest of your trees, and its holds more families than the largest of your villages can contain." The savages yelped their assent and the ceremony ended with a huge bonfire. Thus the great west of which the Upper Peninsula was a part was formally admitted into New France. allowance
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As explorers and discoverers the Jesuits in North America have had few superiors. If they were not the founders of an empire they at least laid the foundations for later settlement and blazed the trail for the trader, voyager, soldier, farmer and merchant. The combination of personal qualities such as self-control, inflexibility of purpose, patience, calm courage, utter disregard for danger and fervent zeal can find few parallels in all history. The nomadic habits of the Indian made instruction difficult and one might justly question the lasting effect of their work among them. Although primarily religious teachers, some of them were skillful workers in metal so that they were able to repair the utensils and guns of the natives and to extract the ore from the copper and lead deposits. Considerable labor was expended in securing metal for crucifixes and medals so generously given by the missionaries to the converts. Thus industry developed with the spread of religion. The fact is undeniable that the Jesuits by their religious zeal opened up the west and therefor laid the foundation for the claims of France to the Lake Superior region consummated at the Sault in 1671. Thus the missions founded

at the three strategic points Chequamegon Bay, Sault Ste. Marie and Green Bay had more than mere religious significance in the Jesuit scheme of Christianizing the natives of this territory; and the activities of Fathers Menard, Allouez, Marquette and others resulted in having direct bearing on the historical development and later colonization and settlement in the Lake Superior region.

LUMBERING DAYS

BY CARL A. LEECH

DETROIT

THOSE were better days. There was plenty of work—hard work, and plenty of game with which to supply the table. I tried it away from here. I made two trips out of the country; always, I drifted back. I had a longing to return. I guess the tall timber got me, “emphasized Mr. Higgins, who tells this story.

When I first came to Crawford County, I worked for the government on survey. That was back in '69. I was too young for the army, so they sent me up here to survey timber lands. I shall never forget the sight of those pines, tall, stately trees, eighty, ninety, a hundred, and a hundred and forty feet; as straight as a rifle barrel, and limbless to the top. If I had those trees today, those that I saw standing on my five lots here—pointing out five lots on U. S. 27, I would trade the land, my store, the entire stock, and the warehouse, for those pines. They were worth real money.

In those days, we had to make a ‘Clearing’. We burned them, cut them up, made wood of them, anything to get rid of them. Now, even the stumps would be valuable.

The Indians called this the “land of the haunted hunting ground”. I refer to it as the land of the “happy hunting ground”, for wild game was everywhere. Deer could be seen on any trail, and partridges could be easily snared.

Old Chief Shoppenagon, told me that long ago, the Chippewa Indians fought a great battle with the Sauks in the Saginaw valley. Not a Sauk remained alive. From that time on, ghosts of the dead Indian warriors, were said to stalk the forests and were seen on several occasions by the Chippewa hunters. Hence, the ‘haunted hunting ground’. The only ghosts that I ever knew of here, were ghosts discovered by some drunk in the bottom of his bottle.

Mr. John J. Higgins, the oldest settler of Crawford County, living at Frederic, tells of Michigan in the lumbering days. Mr. Higgins passed his eighty-sixth birthday on June 6th, 1932, and has been in Michigan since 1869.

My job on survey was to carry the chain, and I can truthfully say that I never 'threw' it. To 'throw the chain', was to move a section line a few rods east or west of the true meridian, so that a section, a quarter section, or even a 'forty', might be made to include a particularly fine streak of pine, lying just beyond the true line. The manipulation of this deviation was attempted by the land-seeker or his employer trying to corral more than his share of timber.

When the error was discovered, it was usually explained that there had been a slight topographical error, or an aberration of the compass occurred. However, I kicked the bottom out of one such deal, and as a consequence, had to go to work on railway survey.

This was a good thing for me, as I had an opportunity to apply my knowledge of the country.

I was engaged as mail carrier, topographical assistant, and guide for the five survey parties spreading out fan-wise, and working to find the best possible route into the country from the end of steel at West Branch. This railway, the Jackson, Lansing, and Saginaw, was building north from Bay City to Gaylord. The end of steel had reached West Branch, I think the year 1871, and all supplies, equipment, and mail, had to be carried into the country from there. The distance was from forty to sixty miles. We made this distance on foot and thought nothing of it. Even for years, we were compelled to walk as far as Roscommon, a distance of twenty-five miles, for our groceries; and then, Grayling ten miles.

The survey parties took up the old Indian trails leading out from the end of steel. They followed north between the ridges. We had to find the best route with the least grade. I told of the topography of the country, where the ridges and valleys lay, and where I thought the best route might be found. I kept the different parties in touch with one another and in touch with their headquarters at the end of steel, by becoming runner for them.

They were a helpless lot of fellows in the bush. They would quarrel and they quarreled mostly over their boots. "Boots—boots—boots, going up and down again." Every pack train carried boots. They gambled for boots, they stole boots. Tom Brown would wear a left boot of George McTeer's and a right boot belonging to Jerry Martin. Anything to get a pair of boots, for the nearest cobbler was in Bay City, and something happened to our footwear everyday. Cut with an ax, snagged, wet, burned, and more often stolen.

Many things occurred, but I shall never forget trying to return with Jerry Martin's pack train of mules. "Happy Jerry" had taken sick in West Branch; yes, he had been drinking, and was unable to pull out with the pack train. I had been down for the mail, and was told by the Superintendent that I would have to take through the pack train with the supplies. He would give me a driver.

I had heard many strange stories about these mules, but dismissed them from my mind as only stories. I knew horses, and felt that I knew mules. It was not more than a half day out of West Branch when things began to happen. Those beastly critters tried every way imaginable to lie down and roll over. They would jump, kick, shimmy, run against the trees, or dive for a water hole. They would pay no attention to me or to the horsewhip I used on them. They went wild. Finally, after every mule had thrown his pack, I conceived the idea of tying their heads high up to the branches of the trees to keep them quiet while I cooked a meal and thought the matter over. No sir, I no sooner tied them up than I found they were sitting on their haunches, sliding around trying to shake the deer flies.

With the line of the railway definitely decided upon, the 'station men' moved up. These men worked by stations, 100ft. by 100 ft. They felled the trees, burned the brush, and dug out the right-of-way. They were paid by the yard. I, however, was paid by the day as I was not stationed in one place.

Now, good-old-mother-earth did not take kindly to having us tickle her surface. She struck back. She said to us, 'Those who would destroy me, these will I destroy.' And for every time a shovel ruffled her surface, somebody had to shiver. And Oh, how we did shiver!:

All along my back the creeping,
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—the varmints—
'Twixt me and by nether garments,
Through my boots into the muskeg;
Then I found myself a shaking—
Gently shaking more and more—
Ever moment more and more.

'Twas the ague, and it shook me
Into heavy clothes, and took me
Shaking to the camp-fire—every,
Every place where there was warmth in store,
Shaking till my morals tattled,
Shaking, and with all my warming,
Feeling colder than before,
Shaking til it had exhausted
All its power to shake me more—
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
When it came with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before,
And from that day in September—
Day which I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits.
Shaking off my boots, and driving me
To bed if nothing more,
Fully this, and nothing more.

Ten weeks was about as much as a man could stand of this. Then the railway company conceived the idea of issuing quinine by putting it in liquor and administering it to the boys. "I

likes me liquor straight," drolled they. "Thet thar slug you put in thet liquor, makes me headache." They argued, they swore, they cursed. They claimed they were men and wanted nothing in their liquor. But mother earth struck relentlessly back. She had the boys shivering every afternoon about 3 p. m. It was then, and only then, that they could be induced to 'slug' her.

One of the great sights of the country was the wild pigeons. They were everywhere. When they rose enmasse, they would darken the sky, thousands of them. They built their homes and nested in the pines. Like the pine, they are gone but they were part of the country.

I thought I would like to have a chance to see the outside world, and as men were scarce up here, I took a contract to bring them into the country at a dollar apiece, their transportation found.

I went to Chicago, and as fortune would have it, I couldn't get out. Some 'danged' cow kicked over a lantern and set fire to her stable. Then things began to happen. The fire spread and spread and spread beyond control until it became the greatest fire in history. Soon everything, everywhere was ablaze. Homes burned like matchwood. The sun became blotted out with smoke.

I was drafted and ordered by the militia to join the rescue squad. In fact, I could not have left the city, as all railroads were blocked. I was at work as soon as the fire started.

The prairie was heaped with everything imaginable for miles, bedding, suitcases, household effects, old relics, jewelry,—people ran wild, dogs yelped, children were lost and crying. Then thieves began to loot the stuff, and a police guard had to be placed in charge of the luggage. But these rascals soon looted more than the thieves they were sent to watch.

I saw several men trying to save a car load of liquor. Naturally I was there to help and I went to lend a hand. I succeeded in borrowing a team from a man who had been contracting and we succeeded in removing eight barrels of choice liquor and burying it on the prairie. I have returned to locate

this cache, but have never been able to find it. I am sure someone must have built their house on it.

I have known some of Michigan's toughest lumberjacks: Jim, Pat, Tom, and Jack Roach, of Roscommon. These four fellows could whip an army. I knew 'Crazy' Jack Davis of the Manistee, 220 pounds, over six feet, a giant of a man and a great fighter. The Sheehe Brothers of Otsego, and there was Tom Hayes, the conductor on the J. L. & S. running out of West Branch.

Tom was shot in the saloon at West Branch. He was strong and fearless. He was the right man for his job, for railroading particularly the part of the conductor, was tough in those days. He had to be able to handle all men, with fists if necessary. I have seen him walk down a string of flat cars on a construction train and demand fares from half a dozen lumberjacks whom he knew did not have fares. They would not pay or get off the train, so he cleared the cars by the aid of a peavy. They were tough, he was tough. They showed fight, and he fought.

In the saloon, the cards were stacked against him. Tom got into an argument with the bartender. Some say it was started on purpose. Tom started over the bar after the bartender, and the bartender pulled a revolver and shot him. Then he pleaded self defense.

Many of my old friends have gone. Rube Babbit, the best known game warden in Michigan, came to see me the morning of the day he committed suicide. I was out. I had known 'Rube' since he was a boy. 'Rube' and I often were together. We were to have celebrated my birthday June 6th, but the taking of his life June 3rd, prevented.

'Rube' was the whitest man that ever set foot in Crawford County. Yet, some say he was slipping as a game warden.

'Rube' would say, "The game belongs to the people. Let them have it, as long as they do not break the laws." He disliked to see the 'posters' disbaring strangers from fishing the streams. He wanted fair play all round.

Several years ago, 'Rube' and I were sitting on the steps of the old Hartwick House in Grayling, when two outsiders drove up in a wagon. They went directly into the bar and soon returned to load eight kegs of beer. They were loading it for the lumber camps.

Now, by all the rules of this country, it was considered unethical—in fact, it was forbidden to take liquor into camp. This rule must not be broken, so I nudged 'Rube', and as soon as their wagon drew around the bend, we took a short cut through the woods to head them off.

We stepped out of the woods in front of them, Rube had his rifle. The men appeared nervous. I went around to the back of the wagon and began to unload the beer, while 'Rube' stepped up to give them a talking to and a little fatherly advice. He warned them not to attempt to take liquor into camp again and advised that they had better drive straight ahead and not halt until they had reached camp.

We hid the beer, took a short cut over the hill back to the hotel and waited for developments.

Soon their wagon was seen coming at a gallop around the bend, headed for town. They were after the sheriff.

They pulled up in front of us, a bewildered look upon their faces. "Have you seen two men come up the road," they queried with suspicious glances. "We left here with a load of beer and were held up."

"Well, that's strange. Are you sure you didn't pull the bungs out of the barrels and are using that as an alibi. You know it is unethical to take liquor into camp." The men turned into the saloon in a hurry.

That night, every friend in town joined us in a social party. We held a pow-wow about the rescued kegs of beer—the law of the lumbercamps had not been broken, we remained to celebrate.

There were more songs in that old keg than I had heard before or since. Listen to this: "The Festive Lumberjack."

Ive been around the world a bit,
 An' seen beasts both great an' small,
 The one I mean to tell about for darin'
 beats em' all.
 He leaves the woods with his bristles
 Raised the full length of his back.
 He's known by men of science as the
 festive lumberjack.

Chorus.

He's a wild up-snortin' devil ever' time
 he comes to town.
 He's a porky, he's a moose-cat, too busy
 to set down,
 But when his silver's registered
 And his drinks is comin' few,
 He's then as tame as other jacks
 That's met their Waterloo.

I saw the pine when it stood tall, clear, and straight. As I think back now, it was a magnificent sight. The Hartwick Pines were too small to be cut then compared with what was standing. I like to see the efforts at reforestation, but it will take a long long time.

There is not much doing here now, as I look through the notes of my diary, I find such notations as these:

June 2nd, 1932—Dark and cloudy—Ruby Ball at the town hall last night—Large crowd, and some booze—one man pinched for being disorderly—taken to Grayling hoosgow.

June 2nd, 1932—Continued cloudy, storm threatening—S. B. has been drinking.

June 3rd, 1932—The weather is slowly clearing, mist is raising—S. B. has a headache.

June 10th, 1932—Dark clouds to the east, thunder.—This is Sunday. S. B. has a jag on—too much for him to handle—Had to be taken home and put to bed.

June 24th, 1932—A clear sky, typical spring day, birds singing—S. B. went to Gaylord, came back Monday—Kissed Marie and has left town for good—gone.

These are not the days of the pine.

SLAVES IN OLD DETROIT

BY HARLEY LAWRENCE GIBB

Wayne University

DETROIT

FIVE or six years ago there was published an account of a slave in Detroit. With the account was the copy of a deed indicating that he had been sold in much the same manner as a piece of real estate might have been transferred from one owner to another. One might have concluded this slave was a lone example of northern deviation from the path of free labor. That such was not the case may be of some interest. Let us proceed to relate how slavery did exist in Detroit in considerable numbers.

Detroit had been founded eighty years at the time of our account. It was the most important settlement in the whole Great Lakes region if we except that relatively much larger settlement at the lower end of Lake Ontario around the Bay of Quinte in the center of which Kingston, Ontario, now stands. Kingston, or Quinte as it was then most frequently known, was a sprawling settlement of about 8,000 people, nearly all Scotch and Irish Loyalists who had been followers of Sir William Johnson along the Mohawk River in New York. They had been driven out of their home region, now Johnstown, N. Y., by the patriots at the opening of the Revolution. With them had gone probably as many as a thousand Indians of the Six Nations under the intrepid leadership of Joseph Brant whose sister had been a wife of Sir William Johnson.

Detroit was second in military importance to the post at Niagara. Major Arent S. De Peyster, personal friend of Robert Burns who afterwards eulogized him in verse, was Commandant at Detroit from 1779 to 1784. In July, 1782, acting under orders, he had a census taken of Detroit. The original copy is in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa (B 123, pp. 266-272) and is a most interesting as well as instructive document.

The census was taken from July 16 to 20, 1782 and bears these two superscriptions:

The Subscribers do hereby certify that the above is a true state of the Settlement of Detroit (exclusive of the absentees) according to the best information we could obtain from the several Inhabitants.

Detroit 30th July 1782.

T. Williams, I. P.

Gregor McGregor

At. S. DePeyster,

Major Kings Reg't Commanding Detroit.

Exclusive of the above quantity, Hog Island [Belle Isle] will produce this Harvest, one Hundred Bushels of Wheat, and Seven or Eight Hundred Bushels of Indian Corn. The small quantity of Wheat owing to the late heavy rains.

A. S. DeP.

This census is as detailed, and for a picture of the time, as valuable as the last Federal census of 1930. A summary of some of its items reads:

321 Heads of families	}	Exclusive of them employ'd in the King's service and are in the Indian Country—say —100—
254 Married Women		
72 Widows & married women		
336 Young and Hired Men		
526 Boys		
503 Girls	}	
78 Male Slaves		
101 Female do		
1112 Horses		
29,250 wt. Flour		
13,770 Acres under cultivation		
1,000 Barrel Cyder will be made		
8,175 Gals. Rum (in the Magazine) [B 123, p. 276]		

This abbreviated list gives us an interesting light upon old Detroit. First of all it shows that the civilian population (There were about 450 soldiers in the garrison and about a thousand Indians living east of the settlement at the time)

of the town was about two thousand persons, or about four hundred less than had been shown in the census of March 31, 1779. But the earlier census had included 239 men from the garrison and about 500 prisoners and extras so that the net population of the post had been about 1,700 white people three years earlier. Of course many of these prisoners were persons who had been brought back from the raids into Kentucky or who had been bought from the Indians for humane reasons. Some of the Kentucky prisoners were British soldiers who had been captured at Saratoga, held for a long time as prisoners in Virginia and on liberation had joined the westward stream of migration, and settled in the Kentucky stations only to be captured and brought to Detroit. Some had been Hessian soldiers in the British service. After a time, some of these prisoners, too, settled in or near Detroit. Some of the Detroit people of today had their original stock in this phenomenon, e. g., the Ferris and the Kratz families.

Two other items of interest are those of the cider and rum. This seems a great deal for two thousand people. A year or two earlier the reports show that there were over 16,000 gallons of rum used by the Detroit garrison in twelve months. General Haldimand complained bitterly about the enormous quantities of rum used at Detroit. Of course a great deal of it found its way into the Indian councils.

But here is a record of 179 slaves! In 1779 there had been 138 slaves in Detroit. It might be of interest to know who owned some of them. The records list William Macomb and Jean Bte. Cecot as the owners of four men and four women each. They seem to have been the largest slave holders. Seven slaves are attributed to the ownership of each of Alexander Macomb, Jean Bte. Compau and William Bernard, the first had three men, the second had five men and the last two men. John Askin, the merchant, owned six, while Simon Compau, William Forsith and Thomas Cox owned five each. Alexis Maisonville and Claude Reaume each owned four slaves. Own-

ership does not seem to be the prerogative of any one race. They were owned by people of Scotch, Irish, English and French descent.

This array of figures may not be very illuminating but if put in another way it looks something like this:

39 families owned 1 slave each				
23	"	"	2 slaves	"
8	"	"	3	"
4	"	"	4	"
3	"	"	5	"
1	"	"	6	"
3	"	"	7	"
2	"	"	8	"

All told slaves were held by 78 families. Five partnerships, which seem to be business men, owned eight slaves. When one sees that about one out of every four families owned slaves it is fairly safe to conclude that slave ownership was relatively common in Detroit in 1782, that it was about as common as in some parts of the South at the time. But when the ratio of males to females is noticed as 78 to 101, one must conclude that the system was more domestic and household than one of manual or field hands. Two women are listed as slave owners, one held one female and the other two male and one female slaves. The latter was a Mrs. Casety, who I believe was the wife of a man who had been accused of treason in 1779 and had escaped to Washington's army. She probably used the slaves to run their farm which was located near the present Waterworks Park in Detroit. Negro slavery on any such scale as this did not last long after the British vacated Detroit in the mid-summer of 1796.

LITTLE JOURNEYS IN JOURNALISM

ALBERT G. BOYNTON

BY WALTER C. BOYNTON

(Detroit Editor of *Automotive Daily News*)

ALBERT GRENVILLE BOYNTON was born March 31, 1837, at Bangor, Maine, the son of Gorham Lincoln Boynton and Louisa Mary Basford Boynton.

After education in the schools of Bangor, where he fitted for Bowdoin College under the instruction of David Worcester, a brother of the lexicographer, he gave up his college career as the result of ill health. Attracted by the outdoor life, Mr. Boynton went to Montreal, where he was associated with an uncle in the manufacturing business. Among important constructions was the first cofferdam built for the Victoria bridge across the St. Lawrence.

In his leisure moments he studied law and early in 1859, he moved to Detroit, where he entered the law offices of E. M. and O. B. Willcox as a student. After six months he passed his bar examinations with distinction, and engaged in the practice of his profession, which he followed for eleven years, part of the time in partnership with the Messrs. Willcox.

In 1869, Mr. Boynton was elected Police Justice, without opposition, and he served for a brief space as assistant City Attorney. His literary taste was crystallizing and in the fall of 1869, he devoted part of his time to the *Detroit Free Press*, first as a book reviewer. In this capacity he was active in making America appreciate the works of J. M. Barrie and Gertrude Atherton, and he formed many close literary friendships with the prominent men and women writers of the time.

In August, 1872, Judge Boynton resigned from the bench, to assume the editorship of the *Free Press*, a position that he held for more than twenty-five years. In those days, editorials were a serious matter, both for reader and for writer, and for the greater part of the quarter of a century Judge Boynton's literary output was close to three thousand words every

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day in the year. He bought a substantial interest in the paper, and served as vice-president of the corporation and as president of the Free Press Printing Company, at one time one of the largest show-printing houses in the country.

For a term he was president of the Detroit Young Men's Society, an outstanding literary and library organization of the west in his time. He was an early member of the old Aurora Borealis, a literary and theatrical club, and one of the first members of the Prismatic Club, which still survives, one of the oldest literary clubs in the country, in which there are several members in the second generation.

Judge Boynton was active in the affairs of the old Detroit Light Guard, president of the Veteran Corps and chairman of the committee that had the responsibility of building the present armory at the corner of Brush and Larned streets. He was a director and chairman of the Executive committee of the old Home Savings Bank, officer and director of the Detroit Graphite Paint Company, of the Lake Superior Graphite Mines Company, and several other business operations.

He found time to travel extensively, both in America and abroad, and was an excellent French scholar. In the early days of his residence in Detroit, he affiliated himself with the Unitarian Church, then at the corner of Lafayette and Shelby streets, and was active in building the present church at Woodward and Edmund Place. He was a close friend of John LaFarge, and was instrumental in having three of Mr. LaFarge's best windows placed in the west front of the church. A memorial window to Judge Boynton, by LaFarge, ornaments the north side of the church, a gift of the family.

In May, 1862, Judge Boynton married Frances Gertrude Pat-ten, at Dearborn, Michigan. They began housekeeping on Bagg Street, now Temple Avenue, in the heart of the old Bagg farm, at a time when houses were few and far between as far north as the mile circle. Of six children to them four survive—Mrs. F. W. Baker, Mrs. J. F. Hartz, Mrs. F. B. Whitton and Walter C. Boynton.

Judge Boynton's health began to fail in 1896, as the result of his long-continued sedentary life. He spent some time at the baths of Europe, but finally entered the sanitarium at Alma, Michigan, where he died, January 9, 1898. His widow survived him until May 17, 1925.

In addition to the affiliations already mentioned, Judge Boynton was a member of the Detroit Club, of the Lake St. Clair Fishing & Shooting Club, of the old Fellowcraft Club, and others.

A lifelong Democrat, Judge Boynton was instrumental in supporting Palmer and Buckner in 1896, when the "silver heresy" of Mr. Bryan rent the party. The *Free Press* lent official support to the Gold Democrat party, but its sympathies were with McKinley and Hobart. Judge Boynton's memory was almost fabulous. He was able, after a lapse of nearly 30 years, to repeat the Ciceronian orations from memory and he was an enthusiastic student of Greek. His knowledge of French was wide and he was an omnivorous reader. With his friends and with his family he was a delightful and sympathetic companion, who was profoundly missed and sincerely mourned.

LETTERS FROM THE LONG AGO

COMPILED BY THE LATE ANNA BROCKWAY GRAY
DETROIT *9000*

(This series of letters began with the Summer number of the Magazine, 1929. For letters immediately preceding this series, see Summer number of the Magazine for 1931.)

I FINISHED the last paper I gave you, with an account of the Brockways, and the Rogers, during their temporary stay in New York State. This is the last letter in my possession written by them from there, and makes a fitting introduction to this series. It is postmarked "East Constable, N. Y., March 27th, 25cts."

March 26th, 1843.

Dear Father.

I now take pen in hand to scratch a few lines in answer to your last letter which I should have done some weeks ago had I not been waiting and hoping that I should receive another letter from my brother, Wm. last fall I received a letter from him which contained a request that I should accept an appointment from Government to work for the Indians in that region of the country where he lives under pay of six hundred dollars per year in Cash. he said if I would go he had no doubt but what he could get an appointment for me. I consulted my friends in this country who advised me to go. I accordingly wrote to him that I would About the first of Feb I received an answer to that letter which read something near as follows. I have made application for your appointment but it will be some time before I shall get returns. therefore I will give you some directions for fear I shall not get returns in season to write to you again. he says you will start with the opening of navigation, and go to Detroit, when you get there you will call on Robt Stewart, Esq. who is the Superintendent of Indian affairs he will tell you at once whether you are appointed or not if you are you can come direct to this place (Sault Ste Marie,) if not you can go direct to Kalamazoo. this will be your course if you do not hear from me again, but I shall not fail of writing again if I get returns in season. He sent me a draft for \$50. that I may get if I wish when I get

to Detroit. I suppose he thought I was very poor and might be hard up for Cash these hard times, and very likely he was not much mistaken. My intention is to start from here as soon as I can get through the Lakes and you may expect to see us soon after that time. if I should receive the above named appointment, the probability is that we shall stay only long enough to make a visit if not perhaps we may spend our days in your vicinity. If I am appointed I think I shall be able to let you have some money in the course of a year if you wish for it as I think there be no difficulty in saving at least three hundred dollars, and what I save you may have if you want it.

We have been well since I wrote you with the exception of some bad colds through the winter, and Lucena has been troubled with a sore throat for 3 or 4 days. It is very unhealthy in this vicinity at present and has been during the winter there has been three funerals in the village of Malone today, and a number of others during the week past. Doctor Darling, the phiscian in this place was called last week to go to St. Lawrence County. he says that there has been in that neighborhood fifty five deaths within the last 3 months, and on a territory of two miles square. The winter has been very cold, and a great deal of snow it is more than four feet deep on a level today, and no prospect of a thaw. There are many who are now out of hay but we trust that their cattle will not suffer as there is plenty of grain in the country If you should receive this in season we should be happy to receive an answer before we leave the place if not let me find a letter in Detroit providing there is any business you would have me do, or any thing you would like to have me get and bring in to you I shall not fail of calling at the post Office in that place. give my love to all. tell them I shall be happy to see them when I get there.

Yours in love.

D. D. Brockway.

(There is a "Kalamazoo. Apr 13" on the letter, regularly stamped, showing that the P. O. was better organized than in East Constable. The letter had been missent and forwarded.

The following tells its own story, and there is no way to add to the history of that year.)

Sault Ste Marie July 29th, 1843.

Dear Parents, and friends.

It is now more than six weeks since we left your place, and yet we are at Sault Ste Marie but as the prospects are in favor of our getting away in the course of three or four days, and that I shall have an opportunity of sending a line by my brother who is to start in about that length of time for Gull Prairie I take this opportunity of writing. We arrived here in eight days after we left your place, and for various reasons we have been under the necessity of staying here until the present time. First, I did not receive my appointment until the 10th of the present month, and I did not wish to proceed without it. Secondly, our children have both had the whooping cough, Charlotte is nearly well, and Delia will soon be getting better. They both have had it very light. We made use of your cough powder, which seemed to make their cough very light and easy. If you see my brother please give him a few papers of it, and he will send it to us by the missionaries in September. we had but one paper and we have used the most of it. The third and perhaps the principle reason why we have not left is because we have had no opportunity except in small open boats and we did not like to undertake a journey of 250 miles in that way with our children, although a great share of the people who travel in this northern country navigate the great Lake in that way. There has formerly been five vessels on Lake Superior, one of them, the Brewster, is now running below one is laid up at Lapoint and three still running. Two of them on this side, and one on the other. Both of those belonging on this have left this place for the upper country since we have been here but not for the place to which we wish to go. One of them, the John J. Astor a very fine Brigg belonging to the American Fur Company has returned

and will be ready to start again in about four days. She is to run directly to Kewawenon. We intend to go with her and we have reason to believe that she will carry us safe through in a short time. The Steam boat Buffalo is now on a pleasure tour from Buffalo to this place. She is expected here on Monday the 31st inst. She is expected to stop here about two days, and then return to Buffalo. My brother will take passage on board of her for Detroit he intends to go from there to Gull, and return to Anarbour before the 15th of August. he will of course be in a great hurry and I do not know whether he will call on you or not, but I think he will. If he does he can tell you all about the situation of this country, in a very short time. therefore I shall omit saying anything about it, except that this is a pleasant place at this time of the year. If convenient, pleas write and send by my brother, as that will be the most favorable opertunity of getting letters that will present itself this fall. he can send them by the missionaries who will come on when he returns or very soon after. If you do not send by him send as soon as convenient by mail, and direct your letter to Kewawenon, Lake Superior, Michigan. We shall get them by the vessel in the course of the fall. I expect that we shall receive no letters during the winter as we shall have no regular mail. Mr. Carrier, the Farmer, is also at this place waiting for the vessel. Mr. Johnson, the carpenter, is expected by the Buffalo. My brother Alonzo is going to be my assistant, therefore I think we shall not be very lonesome, although we shall be pretty far in the indian country. Perhaps you would like to know how we are going to fare for provisions, in this cold country, therefore I will tell you as near as I can. I have nine barrels of flour, two barrels of mess pork, and a barrel of white beans. We have also a barrel of salt, two bushels of dried apples, rice, butter, lard, sugar, &c as much as we expect to need until another summer. We have also the refusal of a cow, that I can have if I wish when I get there, of the American fur Company at the moderate price of \$25. So you see there is no need of our going hungry this year, and I am will-

ing to trust in Providence for the future. You will please overlook all mistakes for I have been writing just as I could catch it a line or two at a time, and taking care of the children the rest of the time. Give my respects to all inquiring friends, and be assured I remain yours with much love and respect.

D. D. Brockway.

To Doctor James Harris.

(These letters are much more complete than any thing I could say by way of comment. None of us were sufficiently wise to make any sort of record, or even to ask questions, after we were old enough to do so. Life was always so full each day. There never was time to look back while they still lived, and they never looked back themselves. They were more alive than others, as long as they breathed, and were the center of the social life. The present was full always. But we have these letters.)

Kewawenon, Aug 25th, 1843.

Beloved Parents and friends.

Having an opportunity to send below I very cheerfully improve the few moments which I have in writing a few lines to you for the purpose of letting you know that we have at last arrived at the end of our Journey, in perfect health and safety. We arrived here the 8th day of the present month. Our journey from the Sault to this place was very pleasant, we had just wind enough to carry us gently along the most of the way. we was four days on the way, occasionally becalmed, but no heavy winds. My time has been spent for the most part thus far in arranging matters about the house, and in securing hay for the cow. perhaps you will be led to inquire how I came by a cow, therefore I will just say that I bought a very fine three year old cow here, for 30\$. She is very fine both for milk and butter. I have been cutting logs for my shop yesterday, and today. I have them nearly done, and shall probably have my shop raised in the course of another week. My stock has not yet come on. I expect to receive it about the last of Sept. So you see I have plenty of time to do up all the fixins. We have had fine weather thus far, and on the whole our time has

passed very pleasantly. our location is quite a pleasant one. We are situated near the foot of a deep bay which varies in wedth (perhaps) from two to five miles. We are entirely out of sight of the main Lake. We have no trouble in getting a plenty of fish, the finest I ever saw. All we have to do is to go down shore every morning, and pick up as many as we like, and such as we like. If we give something for them, all well, if not just as well. They are taken by the Indians in gill nets in any quantities. They go out and put down their nets at about sunset, and take them up in the morning, well filled with fish. The Indians were very happy to receive us. We arrived here in the night, and they were so rejoiced that they kept up a firing of guns for as much as an hour. They appear very friendly, and are withall very religious. Some of them are to appearance the most devout people I ever saw. Doct Hoton, the State Geologist, who is to be the bearer of this leter, is now here, and he is to take tea with us. It is now about ready, and he will leave immediately after fore I must close.

Very Respectfully Yours, D. D. Brockway.

N. D. Direct your letters to Kewewanon, Lake Superior, Michigan.

(The indians became very fond of the family. In 1873 I attended a Methodist Quarterly Meeting at L'Anse. Among the attendants were a number of the older indians from the Mission. After the service I noticed that they were grouped, and watching me with interested, smiling faces, but they did not come and speak to me. Some one told me they were saying "That is Brockway's daughter." I am sorry that I had not sense enough to go and speak to them, but I had no association with the Mission myself.

Anything down the lake was "below" as long as the lake was the means of transportation.

Following is the first letter written by my mother after her arrival among the indians.)

Ance, Kewawenon, Oct 7th, 1843.

Dear Parents and friends. as we expect the vessel here every day, and thinking perhaps it might be the last opportunity we should have of sending below, before next spring, I thought I would write a few lines and let you know that we

are all well. The children have got over the whooping cough, and are as fat as little pigs. Delia runs all over the house, and is as mischievous as she can be, & Charlotte has just been scribbling my paper, and her father took the pen away from her, & she began to cry I want to help ma ma along with it, to write Grand Pa, grand ma, and I told her if she would go to bed I would let her write some at the bottom. she teases me near about to pieces when I am here alone with her. she says ma ma going to see grand Pa next week in the boat grand ma too, Uncle Chamim aunt Martia too, Uncle Danlo Loisy say ma ma goin to. she gets a stool up in her lap, and tends it just as the squaws tend their babys on a board she enjoys herself first rate. and for my part I have been pretty contented thus far. We have things comfortable as can be expected. we have a good log house, plastered with mud, inside and out, and a plenty of dirt rattling off all the time, and we are overrun with mice. I should like to have the old yellow cat here. I think she would make a scattering among them. I should like to have some of your potatoes, and garden sauce likewise, and when you kill some chickens, eat a little for me if you have any to spare. fish is a good substitute for potatoes. we do not miss them but little we have pork rice flour lard butter milk dried apples, and a good stove, and we expect a barrel of beans and two barrels of corn by the vessel. and we have good Neighbors, Mr. Carrier & wife, & little girl, Mr. Johnson, Carpenter boards with them he has not fetched his wife from Ohio but will in the spring. Mr. Brown the missionary, with a new wife from Ann Arbor, and an indian preacher who is interpreter lives with them. Daniels Brother Alonzo lives with us, he is employed as assistant blacksmith Mr. Johnson is a Doctor, and preaches some to the indians, Mr. Carrier preaches also, we have prayer meetings at our house once a week. (Daniel has experienced religion he thinks he did last spring, but he did not come out decidedly until a few weeks ago, and I believe he is truly sincere.)—I believe he was, too. He was sincere about every thing he did.—A. B. G.—there is a roman catholic min-

ister & a woman teacher coming here to spend the winter, from La Pointe, 200 miles above here. This idea the people are not much pleased with. They will probably be a mile from here up to the traders who is a half breed indian. I dont know but I have written more than you can read. It is saturday evening, and it has got to be eleven, and I must close for tonight.

12th, Thursday afternoon. The vessel came last evening, and fetched no letters from you, & I was somewhat disappointed, for I thought we should get one. I can write but little for my hand trembles so. I set up Monday night till two o'clock, and last night until three to write letters. I wrote one to Lucy last night. I received one from her by Mr. Brown, the Missionary, three weeks ago. also the cough powder you sent. We have all hands been to the vessel, about a mile, where she is anchored, and they gave us some apples to eat, a great rarity in this country, I think.

the Captain and brother are coming here to tea, this afternoon. if the wind is fair the vessel will leave tonight. head wind now, and a little bit of snow squall for the first time. Daniels stock of iron came on the vessel, but there is not more than enough to keep him more than two months if he should work all the time. Charlotte is asleep, so I cant wait for her to write any now. do write. you need not think because we are off here in the wilderness country that we do not want to hear from you, if you do you labor under a great mistake. give our love to Bristols folks, and accept a share for yourself.

From your affectionate daughter, and sister,

Lucena Brockway.

(My father was one of those energetic men, who could not keep still very long. The stock would have had first attention, but ten idle months would have put him in his grave. The lack of legitimate work will account for all the other work he did.)

This closes the record of that year. The little I remember of what I heard about it, is that it was the mildest winter they ever saw on the Lake. There was almost no snow, and little

ice. They spoke of it sometimes in contrast with other mild winters.

There was no fresh meat, and fish palled until mother sickened at the thought of it. So the indians organized a great hunt, and were gone three days, but they came home with only one beaver. As a special delicacy they gave mother the tail, but being a mass of fat, she could not touch it. She did not let them know. She was properly grateful for the trouble they had taken for her.

There was practically no game in the country. The first deer I ever heard of in that country was in 1872, and the first wolf was in the winter of 1865, or 66. There was but one, howling back on the hills, and it was supposed to have crossed on the ice, from Canada. There are plenty of deer, and wolves, too, now, but it was almost a gameless land then, except an occasional bear. There was probably game down near the Sault.

That winter they had a guest, Simon Mandlebaum, who tramped over from Copper Harbor, where with three others, he was spending the winter. He was a very lovable fellow, and loved the whole of us, always, from that time forward, as fast as we arrived. I was named for his mother and sister, and these old letters have so revived the days of my childhood, that on Memorial Day, I went up to Elmwood and decorated his grave. He was about six years younger than my father, and became the big brother of the whole family, of us. There are some letters from him in the package.

These letters are all from Kewawenon. Just when that was changed, or how, I do not know, but it is the thing that commonly happens to indian names. Still older letters than these spelled the name Quiwawenon.

(Peter Crebassa was in the country years before that time, and was doubtless correct, spelling the name according to its etymology, while they spelled it according to the sound.

So on to the next year. There seems to have been no positive way of spelling the names they found there, as witness this, L'Anse.

I am including the following letter to my mother only because it was written from Constable, and it is used to show that the universal motherhood in her nature was well developed before she went to Lake Superior. There seems to be some provision of Nature by which a new country is always supplied with a universal father and mother, and in the Copper country my father and mother filled the universal need. They were just past their twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth birthdays when they went up there. I presume from the name Wyman that the writer was probably in some way related to her. The John A. S. referred to was the young fellow who boarded with them when he was so ill, and probably this was the other boarder referred to in one of the letters.)

East Constable, 23 March, 1844.

Dear Friend.

It is with pleasure I attempt to hold correspondence with you by writing a few ill composed lines. You must not expect any great of penmanship or eloquence, for I am the same ole coon. I rec your kind letter of Oct 10th Inst with a great deal of pleasure and intended to of answered it before now, but never have found time until this night, I make a feeble attempt. Oh, Mother, I miss you very much. I tell you now I would give all the old shoes I have got, if I could see you. When I came home, which is about a month ago, it did seem as if I should die it was so lonesome. There has been quite a change within the last year. I will now give you a short history of the removals Old Eb. Hitchins wife is dead, also old Patison, also Mr. Adams, & Jede Hutching Married are Seth Bell to Harriet Langdon Wm Cleveland to Delia Hastings Caroline Hendrix to Elex Cobann and Soloman Force to Almy Hutchings Chancy Langdon has given Nancy the mitten, and is driving his ducks to girl by of Sprague from New Haven. Nancy feels very bad about it, and has been quite sick this winter, (Oh Dear me)

Sister Mary and Sarah A. Backus have gone to Plattsburgh to spend the summer. John A. S. has gone into Co. with D. W. Huntington, Chateaugay. We are to have quite an Emigration this Spring. J. S. Cook & H. Langdon, & Ann Fletcher, (or Fletshe, I cannot be positive about that name,)

are going to Vermont. As for myself and Buel Beebee we start for the west in May next, think we will go to Wisconsin. P. W. Sumner (my fathers half-brother) has moved to Bombay, and we have a new tavern, but we have no store yet. they are building a new meeting house this season. Hollister has the job. Bob Cooper has parted with his wife. Miles Blakes wife is just gone with consumption. John and Emily remain about the same. I have seen some of her letters She signed her name Emily Sabin. She was up here a short while since, and we had fine times. I assure you the way I pinched her was a caution, for she will stand it like anything. *My Ced.* Since I left Huntington and Sabin I been to Vermont, and got home last Wednesday, I had a very pleasant visit.

Oh, Mother, I cant forget you, how kind you have been to me. It seems like a dream when I think of your being gone. May God be with you for I cant, for I shall always remember you to the last minute.

You may expect a paper from me occasionally when I get to some place. Oscar Hollister sends his best respects to you and Dan. Mother sends her also. I must draw to a close for I am a most sick and think you are about tired of this, that is if you can read it. I hope you will excuse all mistakes, and bad writing, for I don't know as I ever made such a piece of writing in my life, your friends are all well as far as I know of them. I send my love to Danl and Alonzo, and yourself, and children. Tell Charlotte its Bad—a large hole in the paper here.

I remain Yours Truly

Wyman S. Coonley.

Saturday Eve. 10 O'clock.

This is the last sheet of paper I have got, and we have no store or I would not send this, so keep up your Dickey.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MICHIGAN HISTORICAL COMMISSION, 1933

Lansing, Michigan, December 31, 1933.

To the Honorable William A. Comstock,
Governor of Michigan:

In accord with Sec. 9 of Act 271, Public Acts of 1913, we have the honor to submit to you herewith the twenty-first annual report of the Michigan Historical Commission, covering the calendar year 1933.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM F. MURPHY,
WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS,
LEW ALLEN CHASE,
AUGUSTUS C. CARTON,
GEORGE B. CATLIN,
WILLIAM L. JENKS.

Financial statement for the fiscal year July 1, 1932 to July 1, 1933:

Total amount of appropriation for fiscal year ending June 30, 1933 \$14,816.40

Expenditures from appropriation for fiscal year:

Personal Service	\$10,199.99
Supplies and Contractual Service.....	3,588.34
Outlay for Equipment	132.66
Maintenance of Equipment	10.49

Total Disbursements 13,931.48

Total balance on hand June 30, 1933 \$ 884.92

During the year the Michigan History Magazine has contained the following articles prepared by citizens of Michigan without cost to the state and published by the Commission:

Ethan Allen's Migration to Michigan—Lucius E. Allen.
Frederick Bates—William L. Jenks.
Robert Budd Ross—George B. Catlin.
Experiences of a Pioneer Minister—A. S. Badger.
An Early Description of Detroit—William Renwick Riddell.
The Early Days of the University of Michigan—Wilfred B. Shaw.

A Systematic Study of Local History—Harlow Lindley.
Michigan 100 Years Ago—Rachel Clark.
Country Life in the Eighties—Vernon J. Brown.
The Osceola Mine and Location—Mrs. Rhoda J. Donald.
My Memories of Old Detroit—Dr. Hugo Erichsen.
The State Pioneer Museum—Mrs. Ethel F. Collingwood.
The Red Man in Michigan—Claude S. Larzelere.
Sharon Hollow: Story of an Early Mulay Sawmill of Michigan—Carl A. Leech.
Story of the Old Algomah at Mackinac—Frances Margaret Fox.
A Minor Mystery of Early Michigan—Warren C. Hull.

Owing to reduced appropriation no further publishing has been possible, but research and editing have been continued upon publications in preparation to print when funds shall become available.

Jointly with the University of Michigan Law School, work has been continued upon the records and files of the Territorial Supreme Court and certain other papers transmitted to the Commission by the Michigan Supreme Court.

As in all previous years special attention has been given to calls for historical data from state departments, public libraries, schools, colleges, clubs, patriotic organizations, the press, tourist organizations, and citizens of our own and other states.

Work in the national archives at Washington which for some years has been conducted jointly with several western states, in listing documents relating to the history of the respective

states, has been discontinued by this Commission owing to lack of funds. An analysis somewhat in detail is here submitted in evidence of its importance:

This work has for its ultimate purpose the procuring of source material not easily available in print for a study of state and federal relations; for a history of geographical divisions of the United States outside the limits of the thirteen original States; for a history of States admitted into the Union subsequent to the year 1800; for a history of minor civil divisions within such States; and for biographies of men who were active in public life.

Such material embraces communications and official transactions relative to such affairs as these: the acquisition of the territory bordering the eastern portion of the Gulf of Mexico and all the territory between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean; explorations in newly acquired territory; frontier defence; the survey and construction of military roads; the establishment and operation of Territorial governments; Indian wars and massacres, the War of 1812; the war with Mexico, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and the World War; efforts to civilize the Indians, the extinguishment of Indian titles to lands, the removal of Indians to more remote frontiers; the survey and distribution of the public lands; the establishment of post offices and post roads; the operations of contractors for carrying the mail on shoulder, on horseback, on dog sleds, in coaches, on steam boats, by rail, and in the air; the construction of the Cumberland or National Road, the improvement of the navigation of rivers by the removal of snags, sawyers and other obstructions and the construction of locks and dams; the topographical survey of the Great Lakes, the making of harbors by the deepening of channels and by the erection of piers, breakwaters and light houses; donations of lands for educational purposes and for encouraging the construction of canals and railroads.

The channels of communications were from officers of the federal government, citizens and organizations in States or

Territories to Congress, and between officers of the executive departments in Washington and federal officers, organizations and citizens in the States and Territories. Communications from citizens and organizations to Congress were usually in the form of letters, petitions, and memorials for legislative promotion of some cause or interest. Communications from federal officers to Congress, or to the House or Senate committees, were often reports on petitions or memorials to whom they had been referred. The reports of House and Senate committees on these petitions and memorials are available in print with numerous exceptions, especially numerous for Congresses 1 to 14 inclusive. Whenever a committee reported a bill which was enacted into law without amendment, the statute may be sufficient for historical purposes; but if the bill was much amended or failed to pass, it may have much historical value and be found only in the House or Senate files, House Library, Senate Document Room, or the Library of Congress. Some of the former effectiveness of petitions and memorials have been replaced in recent years by committee hearings, and the only approximately complete files of these is to be found in the Senate Library, the Library of Congress, and the Library of the Superintendent of Public Documents.

The Department of State has the original copies of such treaties as were negotiated with Indian tribes and subsequently ratified by the Senate. Here, too, is the correspondence of the secretary of state with the governors, secretaries, judges, United States district attorneys and other officers of the several Territories, together with journals of legislative and executive proceedings.

The unpublished records of the Department of War are indispensable to an adequate conception of life on the American frontier during the nineteenth century and of military operations and the morals among civilians in times of war. Heroism and hardships appear as one phase of army life; drunkenness, insubordination, and desertion as another. A large volume of correspondence of the secretary of war and the adju-

tant general with commanders of military departments and other army officers is supplemented by correspondence of commanders of military departments with commanders of military districts and by that of commanders of military districts with commanders of military posts and cantonments. Of primary importance, also, is a vast number of general and special orders issued by the War Department and from the headquarters of departments, districts, and posts. Post returns exhibit the strength at any particular time of the garrisons of each of approximately two hundred frontier posts. They contain the names of the men and organizations constituting those garrisons. Muster rolls and medical records contain data relative to the military service of each of the members of the several garrisons. Morning reports constitute a diary of garrison operations. Proceedings of courts martial disclose problems of discipline. Correspondence of the surgeon general with post surgeons reveal difficulties encountered in maintaining healthful conditions. Correspondence of the Commissary General and the Quartermaster General with commissary and quartermaster officers in the field cover the matter of subsistence and supplies. The inspector general's office has several reports by inspectors of posts. In short, post correspondence and other post records contain information essential to an adequate portrayal of operations for frontier defense and of the character of the lives led by the defenders.

The record of explorations and of operations for the building of forts and military roads is contained chiefly in the correspondence of the chief of engineers of the army with the commanders of exploring expeditions and superintendents of fort and road construction. Correspondence of the chief of the Bureau of Topographical Engineers with various superintendents of public works is a record of operations for the removal of snags, sawyers, and other obstructions from various rivers, of operations for constructing the Sault Ste. Marie and other canals, for dredging a channel through the Saint Clair Flats, for making a topographical survey of the Great Lakes to facil-

itate their navigation, and for the construction of harbors at Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Racine, Kenosha, Waukegon, Monroe, Erie, and other lake ports.

Indians and white men wanted the same lands for different uses. The white men wanted furs and used Indians to procure them. Indians wanted alcoholic liquor and white men supplied them with it. White men gained and Indians lost in the several transactions. Indians sulked, seized the hatchet, and went on the war path. Tribes also warred against tribes. To protect Indians from white men and to preserve peace among the tribes the government established on the frontier several superintendencies of Indian affairs each embracing a number of Indian agencies, and all under the direction of a commissioner of Indian affairs in Washington. In some instances the agency for the protection of Indians was in close proximity to the military post for the protection of white men. During a wave of humanitarianism the government gave aid to religious agencies attempting to convert the Indians to Christianity and educate them in letters and agriculture. Before the success of these measures had been achieved the Indians were induced to dispose of their territorial claims and remove to reservations on the more remote frontier. The dramatic record of these Indian relations is voluminous. It is contained chiefly in the correspondence of Indian agents with Indian superintendents and of the Indian superintendents with the commissioner of Indian affairs.

The record of the survey of the public lands and of their disposal in nearly six million tracts is contained in field notes of survey, township plats, tract books, applications for purchase or entry, certificates and abstracts of entry, patents, and correspondence. The administration of the public land system was originally under the direction of the secretary of the treasury. The General Land Officer was established to assist him in 1812, and in 1849 the control of the system was transferred from the secretary of the treasury to the secretary of the interior. In the field were the surveyors general, deputy sur-

veyors, registers of entries, and receivers of moneys. The commissioner of the General Land Office corresponded with the secretary of the treasury or, later, the secretary of the interior, with members of Congress, the surveyors general, registers, receivers, special agents, governors of States and Territories, and private citizens.

The Post Office Department has the largest body of source material for a history of communication. It has the record of the establishment of post offices, the letter books of the postmaster general, and, for the years 1854 to 1872, the letters and other papers received from field agents, postmasters, contractors, carriers and others by the 2nd Assistant postmaster general who was charged with the awarding of contracts for carrying the mail and with the general supervision of the operation of all mail routes. These records disclose the approximate order in which towns and villages were established in frontier districts and the difficulties of carrying the mail in stage coaches where good roads were unknown and highway robbers were numerous. From 1830 to 1840 more than one-half of the letters that went out over the signature of the postmaster general relate to mail robberies, and in one instance this officer advised cutting each money order into halves, sending one of them, and holding the other until receipt of information that the first had been delivered.

The Government has published many annual reports of its officers, reports on the execution of various projects, and other documents, but with the exception of that contained in the *American State Papers* and the *Civil War Records* it has as yet published very little correspondence. Correspondence is source material of the first order; reports, especially annual reports, are relatively secondary. Reports often ignore motives, feelings and personal relations; correspondence reveals them. Correspondence, other than administrative routine, is for this reason, likely to have more color and flavor, to contain more narratives of dramatic incidents.

Members of historical societies have long been accustomed to writing members of Congress or officers in the executive departments and others for information believed to be contained somewhere in the federal archives and occasionally a student who is writing on some particular subject goes to Washington to make a search for himself. These students have received much assistance from the *Guide to the Archives of the Government of the United States in Washington* by Van Tyne and Leland, published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington in 1904, 2nd edition in 1907. The same institution published in 1911 a *Calendar of Papers in Washington Archives Relating to the Territories of the United States*, compiled by David W. Parker; and in 1926 an *Introduction to the American Official Sources for the Economic and Social History of the World War*, compiled by Leland and Mereness, was published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

For the purpose of locating such material, describing it, and making it more available for use, representatives of the state historical agencies in a group of States in the Upper Mississippi Valley formed an organization in 1915 to conduct the preparation of a card calendar or index of such papers in the national archives in Washington as are of historical value to that geographical division. That organization is still operating for that purpose. Usually only one document is calendared on a card. This card contains the date of the document, place at which it was written, name of the person by whom it was written, name and address of the person to whom it was written, a brief description of the contents of the document, the number of pages and its location in the files. At the present time the Michigan Historical Commission has approximately 90,000 of these cards, which may be consulted in the Archives Room. They were prepared under the expert and careful direction of Dr. Newton D. Mereness at Washington, and the Commission takes pleasure in acknowledging at this time on behalf of the State of Michigan its indebtedness to the

fine scholarship of Dr. Mereness throughout the many years of this service.

When, and only when, such work, or an equivalent, shall have been completed for all the States of the Union can the historical material in the National Archives in Washington be used properly and adequately by historical agencies. In 1925 an Act of Congress provided for copying the Territorial Papers listed in Parker's *Calendar* together with such other papers of like character as should be found, and an amendment in 1929 provides for their publication. Dr. Clarence E. Carter has been at work for several years editing selections from these papers. The papers relating to the Northwest Territory, which include material relating to early Michigan history, are now in type pending new appropriations by Congress for publishing. In the meantime the Department of State is carrying forward the preparation of copy for other volumes. If it proves possible to carry this work to completion, it will make unnecessary the further calendaring of documents.

PIONEER AND TOURIST NOTES

THE Michigan State Historical Society has lost a valued friend in the death of Benjamin F. Davis, who died at his home in Lansing on February 2. Mr. Davis was for many years the Society's treasurer.

Mr. Davis was born in the State of New York but for seventy-eight years of his life he had resided in Lansing. Owing to a physique kept healthy and strong by right living, and a mind evenly balanced, his steadiness withstood every test through many crises over a period of fifty years. He was 85 years of age at the time of his death.

He was active in building the Capital City's early industrial institutions and was one of the best loved business men in central Michigan. Under his leadership the old City National Bank weathered many storms and grew at one time to be the largest financial institution in Lansing. In his last days, with age heavy upon him, he along with another outstanding Lansing citizen is credited with fulfilling his responsibility to depositors to his personal hurt beyond the dictates of the law.

Benjamin F. Davis was a man to whom moral duty was ever foremost.

A gentleman of the old school, fond of the old pioneer memories, modest, simple in tastes, quietly dignified in manner, gifted with a hidden humor that often concealed the full import of his words, kindly and generous to a fault, such was this man whom we counted among our dearest friends and whose memory we delight to honor.

GEORGE B. CATLIN, Librarian of the Detroit News, member of the Michigan Historical Commission and Trustee of the Michigan State Historical Society, died March 15, at Detroit, aged 76 years.

Mr. Catlin was one of the last articulate links between the old Detroit and the new. Historian and dean of the *Detroit News* staff, he represented the highest type of journalistic ideal

through a half-century of newspaper service; and as an historian he was accuracy personified, his mind a storehouse of intimate and detailed knowledge of facts about Detroit and Michigan.

His volume *The Story of Detroit* (1923) is a work of much distinction. In 1898 was published his *Landmarks of Wayne County and Detroit*, produced in collaboration with Robert B. Ross, who was then on the *News* staff. He was a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Michigan History Magazine*; he was the historical Mecca for business men seeking the background of their institutions, for citizens desiring knowledge of their ancestors, for speakers and writers looking for historical facts; he planned and built up the *News* library of over twenty thousand volumes, which is acknowledged to be the most complete newspaper library in the country.

Mr. Catlin's life was many-sided. He was well-traveled in Europe, South America and the United States. He had a genius for mechanics. He loved to work in his garden. His social activities were varied. He was a Master Mason, a member of King Cyrus Chapter, Michigan Sovereign Consistory, Detroit Commandery, Knights Templar, and Moslem Temple. He was at one time president of the Wayne University Parent-Teachers Association when part of it was known as the College of the City of Detroit, which institution conferred upon him in 1931 the honorary degree of Master of Letters (M. Litt.). A broad and tolerant student of religion, he taught a Sunday School class at the First Congregational Church, of which he had been made Deacon Emeritus for life.

Mr. Catlin was born in Rushville, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1857. In his death we have lost a great friend, and Michigan a great citizen.

JULY 1st, 1934, there will be opened for the entire season at Mackinac Island an entirely new visitor interest in the form of a State Historical Fair, displaying heirlooms, relics, Indian exhibits, old furniture and paintings, fire arms and ancient

documents and mission records from all parts of the State of Michigan. This priceless collection will include a copy of the deed given by Indian chiefs in the transfer of Michilimackinac to King George the Third of England for \$25,000. At that time Michilimackinac embraced the entire Straits section.

This great Historical Fair and its display is under the auspices of the Michigan Historical Commission and the Michigan Daughters of the American Revolution. The exhibits will occupy several of the buildings on Old Fort Mackinac, built by the British in 1780. Included in the display is what historians and collectors have declared to be the finest exhibit of Indian relics in the Country, outside the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

The Mackinac Island Historical Fair, sponsored by the State Park Commission of Michigan, a purely honorary body, is unique in the fact that it is entirely historical, minus midway and other objectionable fair features, and that the only charge to the public is a ten cent admission fee to the old Fort Mackinac Reservation, where the displays will be on exhibition.

\$1,000 in cash prizes will be awarded July 5, 1934, for the best loan exhibits from Michigan citizens. No entry fee. Exhibits insured while on display, at the expense of the Fair Committee.

Elaborate pageants, correctly costumed and with genuine Ojibway Indians and their bark canoes, will reproduce the historic landing of the intrepid French explorer, Jean Nicolet and his little group of coureurs de bois, and their reception by the astounded redskins. Nicolet believed he had reached the east coast of China, and he stepped from his canoe clad in the gorgeously painted robes of a Chinese mandarin. In each hand he carried a loaded pistol, and when they were discharged the Indians fled in terror from "the man carrying thunder in each hand".

Gifts and peace pipes restored harmony, and this pioneer discoverer was given information and presents in bountiful

quantities, which he sent back to Governor Champlain in Montreal, who had dispatched him on his errand of discovery.

Nicolet, in 1634, was also the first white man to visit Sault Ste. Marie, and he narrowly missed discovery of Lake Superior which he little suspected was but a few miles north of the rushing rapids of St. Mary's River. Nicolet journeyed west as far as Green Bay, Wisconsin, and although he reported being told of a "father of waters", again missed the discovery of the Mississippi, but a comparatively short distance further west.

The Nicolet celebration, free to the public, will occupy the week of July 1st to 8th at Mackinac Island, to be repeated at intervals there during the season, and at Sault Ste. Marie and other towns along the Straits in July and August. Featured also will be incidents of the remote days of Jesuit discovery and development, and the heyday of the American fur trade, two hundred years ago, centered for the entire north-west territory at Mackinac Island. The old John Jacob Astor house and famous old Fort Mackinac, which endured under the flags of France, Great Britain and the United States, attract a quarter million visitors each summer.

Following is a tentative program for the Michigan Historical State Fair and the Nicolet Tercentennial:

(All entries for Historical Exhibit competition for cash prizes must be at Mackinac Island on or before June 20, 1934, carriage charges prepaid. They will be insured and returned with carriage charges and insurance paid by the Historical Fair management.)

SUNDAY, JULY 1st

U. S. Infantry and High School Military Band arrive. Band concert Marquette Park; "Colors" at Fort Mackinac. Baseball game. Evening, free symphony concert, Grand Hotel.

MONDAY, JULY 2nd

AVIATION and ARMY DAY. Exhibition drill and Guard Mount at Fort Mackinac; informal reception U. S. Army offi-

cers. Grand Hotel, luncheon, honoring Major General Preston Brown, U. S. A., Governor Comstock, Col. Floyd Evans and Major M. Crawford, commandant Fort Brady; Col. John S. Bersey, presiding. Dedication new Airport, Earley farm. Flying exhibition, dress parade with band, reviewed by Army officers. Inspection CCC Camp. Evening band concert, free, Grand Hotel sunken gardens.

TUESDAY, JULY 3rd

GOVERNOR'S DAY. Dress parade, U. S. infantry and Scout Honor Guard, reviewed by Gov. Comstock. Power boat and harness races. Reception at Fort in afternoon for Governor and Mrs. Comstock, with band concert and Guard Mount. Evening, Grand Hotel: Governor's Dollar Dinner and "Accounting speech to Michigan."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th

INDEPENDENCE DAY. Coast Guard drill. Exhibition drill U. S. Infantry, Marquette Park. Log rolling contest and speed boat races. 11 A. M., Parade. Lieut. George F. Isaacs, 2nd Inf., U. S. A., Grand Marshal. Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, Bands, U. S. Regulars, Scout Honor Guard, American Legion, Indians, old vehicles, school children, coureurs de bois, industrial floats, distinguished visitors. Speeches by Hon. Henry T. Rainey, Speaker, National House of Representatives; Gov. W. A. Comstock, Major General Preston Brown; Hon. Prentiss M. Brown, M. C., presiding. Baseball, harness races. Evening, fireworks, band concert, pavement dance. "Taps" blown by massed Army, band and Scout buglers.

THURSDAY, JULY 5th

HISTORICAL FAIR DAY. Guard Mount, 2nd Inf. Judging and awarding exhibit prizes. Address, Hon. Patrick Henry O'Brien, Attorney General. Exercises by school children, Indian war dance, dress parade and "Colors". Evening, band concert and pavement dance.

FRIDAY, JULY 6th

DAUGHTERS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION DAY. Coast Guard drill. Dress parade, U. S. Regulars. Junior luncheon at Astor House. Dedication of Old Fort Museum and reception to D. A. R. officers. Evening, D. A. R. banquet at Grand Hotel, followed by costume ball. Band concert and pavement dance downtown.

SATURDAY, JULY 7th

NICOLET TER-CENTENNIAL DAY. Coast Guard drill. Historical Nicolet pageant. Afternoon, program at Marquette Park, addresses by distinguished Catholic prelates; Gov. Comstock, presiding. Exhibition drill, U. S. Infantry. Canoe races in harbor. Indian war dance. Preliminary Golf Tournament. Governor's reception and ball. Grand Hotel.

SUNDAY, JULY 8th

NICOLET TER-CENTENNIAL (continued). Anniversary masses, St. Ann's church, and commemoration services, Old Mission church, direction Michigan Historical Society. Baseball. Finals, Golf Tournament. Evening, patriotic band concert.

"POSSIBILITIES of an Historical Museum," is the subject of a discussion in *Museum Echoes*, issuing from the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society (Columbus). Professor Harlow Lindley, Curator of History for the Society says:

In the first place I want to say a word concerning the possibilities of the historical museum as an educational institution, rather than simply a repository of so-called relics. Since entering the field of museum work I have been conscious constantly of the fact that there was something lacking in the ordinary historical museum. It seemed to me that art and scientific museums were far superior as a rule to the historical museum, and I began to wonder why. I have answered that question to my own satisfaction, but possibly I have not answered it correctly.

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It is pretty difficult to conceive of any sort of an art museum without considering the necessity of those in charge having some appreciation of art and some knowledge of the history of art, and it is more difficult possibly to conceive of a scientific museum without a director and staff who know something of science, but I fear that many of our historical museums are handled by persons who have a love for antiques, who are sentimental rather than scientific, and who are more nearly collectors than curators.

The result has been a lack of plan and a lack of scope for the museum program. The result has been a quantitative rather than a qualitative production. Sentiment, family pride, and the abnormal, have guided the development of the museum, rather than a well-balanced plan emphasizing by means of visual education the normal life development of the people concerned.

I am inclined to think that for historical purposes, the local museum has the greatest possibilities for educational service. These museums should tell the history of the city, county or state for which they stand, and that which is related to it.

There should be a conscious plan for the museum's development. Material should be classified and organized for type purposes, and the ability to reject is sometimes of greater importance than the ability to accept. The plan for such a museum should provide for the exhibits of certain features of human history, such as pioneer life, household furnishings, food, cooking, clothing or costume, weaving, farm utensils, industrial life, transportation and the like. Early industry can be featured by original material or models of such things as cobbler shops, grist mills, saw mills, the beginning of factory development, foundries, etc.

Perhaps the most important matter to be borne in mind is care in the selection of normal typical material and avoidance of duplication. Models should be made accurately and to scale. In telling the story of a people by museum materials, original

material, models, pictures, photostats, maps, charts, and dioramas can all be used to advantage.

To humanize the work of the museum special pageants, such as a pageant of weaving, lighting, modern motifs from original specimens, musical instruments, pottery, etc., only suggest the possibilities in this field of activity.

Special occasions such as an old-time school, spelling bee, singing school, old-time church, pioneer social gatherings, may be arranged for, which not only will be distinctively educational, but will tend to popularize the museum.

In a more serious vein the museum should provide for lectures on historical subjects supplementing the museum exhibits.

The arranging of exhibits, the proper labelling, the naturalness of setting, the ease of access will all be determining elements in the success of the work.

Wherever action can be put into exhibits it is a distinct advantage. This is particularly true of industrial exhibits.

* * *

There is a very manifest renewed interest in museums, and if the historical museum is to mean anything, its work must be given a new meaning. Such museums as the Rochester, N. Y. museum, the museum of the Buffalo Historical Society, the museum of the City of New York, and the new museum of the Chicago Historical Society serve as good practical illustrations of this new meaning.

Exhibits to be educational must be arranged in constructive units, and they must make a human interest appeal. Possibly most of the casual visitors would not know the difference, but the responsibility of educating the people properly is a function of the museum, and the exhibit should be properly built up to accomplish this. The museum should be the last word in visual education. The day of the curiosity shop is over, and an educational institution, with an aggressive and dynamic spirit must take its place.

SOME 50,000 people visited the State Pioneer Museum at Lansing during 1933. Following is a list of donors and their gifts for that year:

1. Auditor General's Office (Lansing)—Three early maps of Michigan. [No date].
2. Bacon, Knox (San Diego, Calif.)—Envelope with Confederate flag stamped on it. This envelope was smuggled to the North by Virgil Jones of Niles, Mich., about 1863; bone ring made by a soldier in Annapolis Hospital and presented to Cyrus Bacon, Jr., Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., who was in command of the hospital in 1863; several pieces of old money.
3. Bagley, Mrs. John N. (Detroit)—Cane presented to Governor John J. Bagley by officers of the Battleship Kearsarge, U. S. N.; a Dickerson hat worn by Governor Bagley from Jan. 1, 1873 to Jan. 3, 1877; pen used by Governor Bagley during his term of office.
4. Ball, Mrs. Sylvia E. (Mackinaw City)—Nails, pottery and knife from old Fort Michilimackinac.
5. Ballmer, Ray W. (Waldron)—Wooden yoke for carrying pails.
6. Barnes, Joe A. (Danby)—Indian skinning stone found on farm owned by Mr. Barnes; Indian stone broadaxe (unfinished).
7. Belen, Mrs. E. Lehman (Lansing)—75 MM shell made into a vase.
8. Brandon, Mrs. A. J. (Bolling Field, D. C.)—Dress worn by Mrs. Lizzie Allen Buck, wife of Mayton Buck, Lansing; slippers worn by Mrs. Allen Thayer, Lansing; doll bought about 1860.
9. Britten, Luella (Fowlerville)—Civil War correspondence.
10. Buck, Mary K. (Lansing)—Walnut case, hand made about the year 1850.

11. Burtless, Mrs. B. F. (Indianapolis, Ind.)—Veil, Quaker bonnet and bonnet cover worn by her mother in Michigan; old album.
12. Casterlin, Alice (Lansing)—Large oil painting of her father, Mr. Martin Hudson, who used to run the old Lansing hotel.
13. Cooper, Mrs. R. W. (Lansing)—Cherry wood desk, once owned by Joseph B. Moore of the Supreme Court of Michigan.
14. Krause, Robert (Howell)—Steel axe.
15. Noss, Bert L. (Lansing)—Record books of the World War.
16. Rappleyea, Perry (Saginaw)—Flower wreath with picture of baby.
17. Rathbun, A. B. (Lansing)—Canadian half penny, 1844.
18. Reynolds, Roy (Eaton Rapids)—Rubber cuffs; telltale, a compass used by Capt. Lewis Sterling on the Great Lakes about 1900; Indian stone; pinchers for pulling teeth.
19. Sanderson, Robert (Lansing)—Ring worn by giant in Ringling Bros. Circus.
20. Sayles, Charles Nehmiah (Fairbault, Minn.)—Early type of Hanks compass used at the time that Michigan territory was being surveyed, about 1825.
21. Schmitter, E. G. (Lansing)—Small sample of step ladder made by the Saginaw Ladder Co. about 1880.
22. Smith, Clarion (Eaton Rapids)—A Navy Department letter with Mr. Franklin's Roosevelt's signature at the time he was Assistant Secretary of War, 1918.
23. Starkweather, Mrs. E. M. (Northville)—Three vases.
24. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Joe (Lansing)—Sword and pistol used in the Civil War, owned by Joseph S. Buck of Paw Paw.
25. Stone, Mrs. Hattie A. (Lansing)—Old typewriter.
26. Weeks, Melvin (Remus)—Stone with leaf imbedded in it found near Remus.

27. Welfare Dept., State (Lansing)—Old oak desk made about the year 1880, and used in old Capitol building for many years.
28. Williams, John L. (Fowlerville)—Pair of white pants worn by John L. Williams about 1852; baby dress also worn by John L. Williams.

Dear Editor,—

ON a visit to Port Huron recently I observed, in the museum attached to the library, a Louisiana flag of the Third Regiment. I wonder if you have any record available concerning the capture of this flag or how it comes to be in the possession of the Port Huron Library. Seeing it led me to wonder, also, how many other Confederate flags may be preserved in Michigan. Are there any in possession of the state at Lansing? Might it not be worth while to institute an inquiry through the pages of your Magazine to discover where there are any in Michigan? Finally, assuming such to have been found, would it not be a gracious thing to offer to return them to the respective states from whose soldiers they were captured? It seems to me it would.

Perhaps I may tell you in this connection of a discovery and a project of mine, the latter half of which has not as yet materialized. About three years ago a family in Amherstburg had what purports to be the sword of General Winchester, taken from him at Monroe when he was captured there in 1813. The story authenticating the identity of the sword seems to be a valid one although there is the possibility that some error has crept in through the passage of more than a century of time. Presuming it to be valid, I thought it would be an appropriate thing to procure the sword and return it to the State of Tennessee. Mr. P. W. A. Fitzsimmons offered to purchase it for this purpose if the owner should be willing to part with it. On approaching her on the subject (she is a descendant of Colonel Matthew Elliot to whom the sword was given

when it was taken from General Winchester) she proved unwilling to part with it and so my proposal to return it to the State of Tennessee has failed to be realized. I think, however, it properly belongs there; and I also think our Confederate flags should be returned to the States from which they were taken if they manifest a desire to receive them from us.

Sincerely yours,

M. M. QUAIFE.

[We shall be obliged for comment which may indicate how our readers feel upon this matter.—Ed.]

A RECORD crowd attended the recent annual meeting of the Marquette County Historical Society in the Peter White Public Library, with W. H. Moulton, of Ishpeming, president, presiding.

L. A. Chase, corresponding secretary, reported that despite curtailed income and necessary limiting of activities, the society has completed its file of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine of 52 volumes, relating to this mining region during the first quarter century of its development.

Other additions to the library the past year, were three volumes on Cornwall by A. K. Hamilton Jenkin, of St. Ives, Cornwall, England; History of Wisconsin Lead Region (Schaffer), and various official documents relating to the Michigan-Ohio boundary dispute.

"The chief concern of the society's officers during the year," said the report, "has been the Longyear legacy of \$25,000, bequeathed to the organization by the late Mary Beecher Longyear for the erection of a building for the society. First of all, in order to provide for the gradual accumulation of the total amount of the legacy as it shall accrue from the income of the Longyear estate, it seemed desirable to associate ourselves with other heirs, under the designation of Longyear Heirs, Incorporated, in which this society has preferred stock of the par value of \$25,000. To do this, it was necessary to re-

vive the society's status as a corporation under the laws of Michigan, and this has been done. The first dividend under this arrangement has been received, as appears from the treasurer's report. How long a period will be required to accumulate the full amount of the bequest cannot at present be stated since much depends on future business conditions affecting the income of the Longyear estate.

"The next problem in relation to this legacy was that of carrying out the terms of the will by erecting and maintaining a building for the society. The total amount was obviously insufficient both for construction and maintenance. However, a plan has been brought forward which makes it appear possible, if carried through, to accomplish both objects, but its consummation must await the accumulation of the full amount of the legacy or some temporary plan of financing the enterprise. It seems probable, however, that eventually the collections of the society will be housed in its own safe and adequate building under competent supervision daily, thus, making them available for regular public use."

AMONG THE BOOKS

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD NORTHWEST, 1788-1812. By Beverley W. Bond, Jr. Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1933. Price \$3.50.

The essential character of the Middle West of to-day derives directly from the experiment and the experiences of its pioneers. Flooding over the mountain barriers, there, for the first time, they founded and developed a peculiarly American civilization. Hating class distinctions, violently democratic, resourceful in all emergencies, these early settlers set the stamp of their customs and manners on the region they occupied, and boasted that true democracy could be found only west of the Alleghanies.

Covering the period from 1788 to the War of 1812, the author shows the remarkable speed with which American institutions were planted in the wilderness and traces the subsequent formation of a society that for the first time thought of itself as American rather than sectional. In Chapter VIII, entitled "The Fiasco in Michigan," the author shows in detail the character and results of the efforts that marked the attempt to establish a territorial government in Michigan between 1805 and 1812.

Professor Bond has tapped a vast source of authentic American material in contemporary diaries, letters, and newspapers, and has gathered together a valuable contribution to our history. The book is a pioneer in its field in picturing the early days of the Northwest Territory, which became the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. It is particularly opportune in view of the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago.

Beverley W. Bond has taught history at the University of Mississippi, Purdue University, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Cincinnati, where he is now. He served as President of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association for the term 1932-1934 and is the author of a number of distinguished books on various phases of American history.

FIVE FUR TRADERS OF THE NORTHWEST, BEING THE NARRATIVE OF PETER POND, AND THE DIARIES OF JOHN MACDONNELL, ARCHIBALD N. MCLEOD, HUGH FARIES, AND THOMAS CONNER. Edited by Charles M. Gates with an Introduction by Grace Lee Nute. Published for the Minnesota Society of the Colonial Dames of America, Minneapolis, the University of Minnesota Press, 1933, 298 pages, \$3.50.

These five documents gave minute and personal experiences of the authors who were all fur traders in the region west of the Great Lakes.

The period extends from about 1773 to 1805 when the fur trade of this region was its most significant interest. In this book the student will find detailed descriptions of the routes of the fur traders to the northwest and of the geography of this region. He will find interesting characterizations of *bourgeois*, *voyageurs*, clerks, and of other men connected with the fur trade. There are vivid sidelights on the customs and character of the Indians and of their relations with the whites. There are descriptions of many trading posts and of the methods of trapping, hunting, and trading. The traders here were also engaged in agriculture and making maple sugar as well as boat building, blacksmithing, and carpentry.

The documents go beyond local history and give glimpses of the struggle of the Northwest Company with the X. Y. Company and the Hudson Bay Company. A suggestion also is given of Spanish penetration of the upper Missouri.

The text appears to be accurately edited: Each document is introduced by an illuminating sketch of the life of the author. The sketch of Peter Pond is particularly well treated. The notes in most instances give ample explanation of the text. The Introduction gives an excellent and graceful summary of the fur trade in Minnesota. The book is indispensable to students of early Minnesota history and of the fur trade.—*Reviewed by* Paul C. Phillips.

THE STORY OF AMERICA FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. Parts I and II. By Smith Burnham, Head of the Department of History, Western State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, and Theodore H. Jack, Professor of History, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia. Winston, N. Y. 1932, Part I, pp. 132; Part II, pp. 367. Price 96 cents each.

Professor Smith Burnham in collaboration with Professor Theodore H. Jack has produced this admirably written set of basic texts for the first cycle of American history, for later elementary grades. Quite on the level of comprehension of intermediate grade children is this newly-written swift-moving narrative of our national development through its successive stages and in all its essential phases.

Part I is clearly and simply organized into five units of several chapters each:—Europe and America, The Making of the Colonies, Life in Colonial Days, France and England in America, and Independence and Union.

Part II has seven units of several chapters each:—In the Days of the Great Virginians, New Ways and New Men, Winning the Far West, Slavery and the Civil War, Years of Change, Leaders of Progress, and America in the Twentieth Century.

Professor Burnham says that we must "see" history. He makes us do this as few can. He expresses the lore of the ripe scholar with the knack of the master story-teller. In simple words and short terse sentences, he unfolds before the young reader the changing panorama of our history. Word pictures show successive scenes with groups of people at work, play and worship, or managing their affairs. Leaders stand out playing their great parts in brief dramatic scenes or telling episodes. We see the motives and ideals that have shaped our national trends from the beginning. At every step are found things worth while for our young citizens to read and study:—love of home, strong qualities of character, neighborliness, justice and such ideals, exemplified in men and happenings. A number of presidents are set forth as hating war and "keeping us out of war."

As fascinating as a scenario, Part II is written with the same artistic simplicity as Part I. Again there is balanced treatment of the various factors in history woven together naturally and logically; the geographical setting, economic elements, social and cultural life of the people in unusually large proportions, military events briefly sketched to explain major political changes, and crucial foreign relations. A happy use is made of biographical material, in the lives of the presidents, of great inventors at proper stages, of captains of industry, and fighters for humanity. The chapters on inventors, their inventions, and big business men fairly teem with interesting detail successfully building up the impression of the machine age. Difficult recent periods center in the lives of the great presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson; also such industrial leaders as Carnegie, J. J. Hill, Ford, Edison, and Gompers.

Bits of source material heighten the sense of the realness throughout. The historian's sense of fairness based upon scientific research is evident in explaining matters formerly distorted through controversy.

Each unit has a pithy "Foreword" or preview. For each chapter are given short lists of "Things to Talk About," "Things to Think About," "Things to Do," and "Things to Read," the latter for both teacher and children. Specialized vocabulary terms are explained naturally in the context and italicized. Study and mastery by the children is thus amply provided for. If the teacher finds further need of teaching suggestions, these are to be found in attractive variety in the preface "A Talk with the Teacher."

The reviewer wishes that a large number of American children may have the privilege of reading and studying these unusual books.—Reviewed by Edith Seekell, Western State Teachers College, in the *Michigan Education Journal*.

SIXTH REPORT OF THE UNITED STATES GEOGRAPHIC BOARD, 1890-1932. United States Government Printing Office, Washington, 1933, pp. 834. Price 80 cents (paper cover).

"Uncle Sam's Handbook on Geographic Names" might well be the title of the 800-page government document just published by the United States Geographic Board. Officially it is known as the "Sixth Report of the United States Geographic Board". That Federal interdepartmental body has been serving since 1890 as national arbiter in matters relating to our geographic names. In this most comprehensive report which the Board has ever published, there are some 25,000 decisions giving the correct names, spellings, locations, pronunciations, and the origin and meaning of many names which appear on our maps.

The volume is, however, far more than a list of names. There are 75 pages of informing and interesting text, in which the problems relating to both American and foreign geographic names are discussed. It begins with an analysis of the types of geographical names, which is followed by a consideration of the problems involved in the naming of geographic features. The treatment of American place-names includes the general characteristics of American names; names of Indian origin; trends in the adoption of new names and the changing of old names; and names in our territories and insular possessions.

The human element in the report is suggested by its opening paragraph: "Geographic names, like roads and boundaries, are superimposed by man upon the surface of the earth. They constitute a revealing and important record of human migration and settlement, and afford insight into the history, the language, the economic and social structure, and the religious faith of a people."

Among the various types of geographic names in the United States, the report discusses descriptive names such as Blue Ridge, Detroit, Rocky Mountains, Sierra Nevada, and Vermont; personal names such as Baltimore, Cleveland, and Houston; and transplanted names such as Albany, Troy, Rome, Memphis, and Boston. Names of religious origin or association, such as St. Augustine, St. Louis, San Francisco, Bethlehem, and Providence, occur much more frequently in some parts of the United States than in others. Corruption of names of foreign origin, such as the French "Aux Arcs" into "Ozark", and the Spanish "Cayo Huesco" into "Key West", is not infrequent. There are thousands of names of Indian origin in the United States; unfortunately, the meanings of the majority of them have been lost.

The United States being a relatively young country, it is not too late to discover, as the report states, the origin of thousands of local geographic names which have never been properly recorded. Doubtless many thousands of additional names will be assigned in the years to

come. They should be wisely selected, and the story of their derivation should be preserved. This report of the United States Geographic Board should do much to enliven interest, and to suggest sane and desirable trends, in the future naming of towns and geographic features in the United States and its possessions. In the language of the report "the present trend in adopting new names is to choose those which are short, euphonious, and in keeping with the character and traditions of the region".

Although the Board was established primarily to bring about uniformity in geographic nomenclature and spelling in Federal Government publications, its decisions are also followed by American publishers of maps, atlases, school books, and other publications. It is for this reason that the Geographic Board has undertaken to make its "Sixth Report" as useful as possible to teachers of history and geography, publishers, commercial firms doing foreign business, and the public in general.

The cooperation of the United States Geographic Board with state boards of geographic names in thirty states has enlisted the assistance of the men who are best qualified and most interested in such matters locally. An advisory committee, composed of eminent geographers, historians, linguists, and lexicographers throughout the country, has in recent years given the Board valued assistance in matters of major policy.

The United States Geographic Board was created and its duties were defined in an Executive order issued by President Harrison in 1890. It was originally called the "Board of Geographic Names", but its official title was changed to "United States Geographic Board" by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906. By these and other Executive orders, "the decisions of the Board are to be accepted by the departments of Government as the standard authority."

Since its creation in 1890, the United States Geographic Board has passed upon many thousands of geographic names, concerning which questions were raised by Government departments and bureaus, by map and textbook publishers, and, occasionally, by private individuals. All the approved names, both domestic and foreign, together with cross-index entries of rejected or obsolete forms, appear in a single alphabetical list.

CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF KALAMAZOO COLLEGE. By Professors C. T. Goodsell and Willis F. Dunbar, of Kalamazoo College. Published by the College, 1933.

Imagine standing before a truckload or so of miscellaneous documents, the accumulation of a century—minutes of innumerable meet-

ings, committee reports, letter files, yellowed copies of newspapers—and trying to decide how all that mass of material, much of it irrelevant and some of it contradictory, may be transformed into a readable story of a hundred years of educational effort.

That was the problem that confronted Professor Chas. T. Goodsell and Prof. Willis F. Dunbar a year or two ago when they began work on "The Centennial History of Kalamazoo College," a volume that is now before the public, the first attempt in the history of this institution to tell the consecutive story of the growth of the college during its first century of existence.

How to winnow from such a strawstack of chaff the peck measure of grain that could be offered for the nourishment of the general reader, or, to bring the figure up to date, how to distil an honest quart of sparkling homebrew from that hogshead of mash represented by a century's collection of accumulated documents—that was a problem that called for intelligence, a trained critical judgment, and above all, the ability to tell a story. For a history worthy of that name is of course far more than a colorless record of events, more than minutes of meetings; if it isn't a story organized with a view to bringing out its dramatic possibilities, it might as well remain untold.

The co-authors of "The Centennial History of Kalamazoo College" have succeeded remarkably well in producing not merely a record but a history in the true sense. The fact that the book represents a collaboration makes its success all the more remarkable, for it does not happen very often that two men can so blend their personalities in a single task that the result gives the effect of being a unit.

Apparently the authors kept in mind all the time that their book must tell the story of Kalamazoo College not merely for those who already know it, the alumni and friends—recounting the facts much in the manner of a parent repeating a familiar bed-time story—but that the narrative must capture and hold the attention of the general reader. Although I did not come to the reading of the book with a completely objective mind—it is not humanly possible to be completely objective in regard to the work of two intimate friends—I believe that I am at least ignorant enough about the past of Kalamazoo College so that any history of the institution would have to be a good story in order to hold me. All I can testify to is that the book held me throughout as a story of a century of achievement in education, and that seems to me the best possible evidence that it will hold the general reader.

For the authors have taken pains to breathe into the dead bones of their material the spirit of life. Their pages are crowded, for instance, with character portrayals that have the same appeal that we

look for in good biography, and there is sufficient action in the narrative so that from time to time the story rises to climaxes that hold the attention of the reader much in the manner in which a novelist holds it by building up a sense of suspense.

The readability of the book is to be emphasized because sad experience has shown that it is on that score that most books of this type break down. Obviously a book that is offered to the public to be read should first of all be readable, and no amount of scholarship can justify turning out a work that is not only as dry as dust but that is destined to attract nothing else than dust. It seems appropriate that an institution that emphasizes above all things else the humanness of the educational process should have a history written about it that is first of all a human document and a good story.

Historical accuracy is of course highly important in such a work. The general point of view of the authors, their sense of the dignity of history, their personal honesty, are guarantees sufficient that in this book we have history as well as a story. Complete objectivity is not to be expected from men so intimately associated with their subject as they are, but not the least interesting fact about the book is that the authors have succeeded as well as they have in treating their theme from the point of view of the true historian, in the scientific spirit.

No need of retelling their story here or of giving the catalogue of the many characters that troop through their pages. Sufficient to say that the book is divided into six chapters, each one covering a period in the history of the college. The chapter headings give a hint of the march of events described in the book: I. Foundations, 1833-43; II. The Period of J. A. B. Stone and Lucinda Hinsdale Stone, 1843-63; III. Period of Struggle, 1863-92; IV. The Slocum Era, 1892-1912; V. The Stetson Era, 1912-1922; VI. "A Fellowship in Learning."

A hundred years of struggle in an educational project, a hundred years of triumphs and defeats; how men and women over a period of a century saw visions and dreamed dreams; how those visions and dreams were translated into realities; how the general pattern of heroism and devotion was sometimes streaked with the threads of human frailties; hope and despair, quiet faith and the excitement of drama, human selfishness and the selflessness of devotion to an ideal—all these elements belong in such a book and the record of them helps to make the volume worthy of the attention of the general reader. The book has a much wider meaning than it seems to have as the history of a single college; for in its broader aspects it is not merely the story of an institution in Kalamazoo but of the whole process of higher education in America.—*Reviewed by Dr. Arnold Mulder.*

